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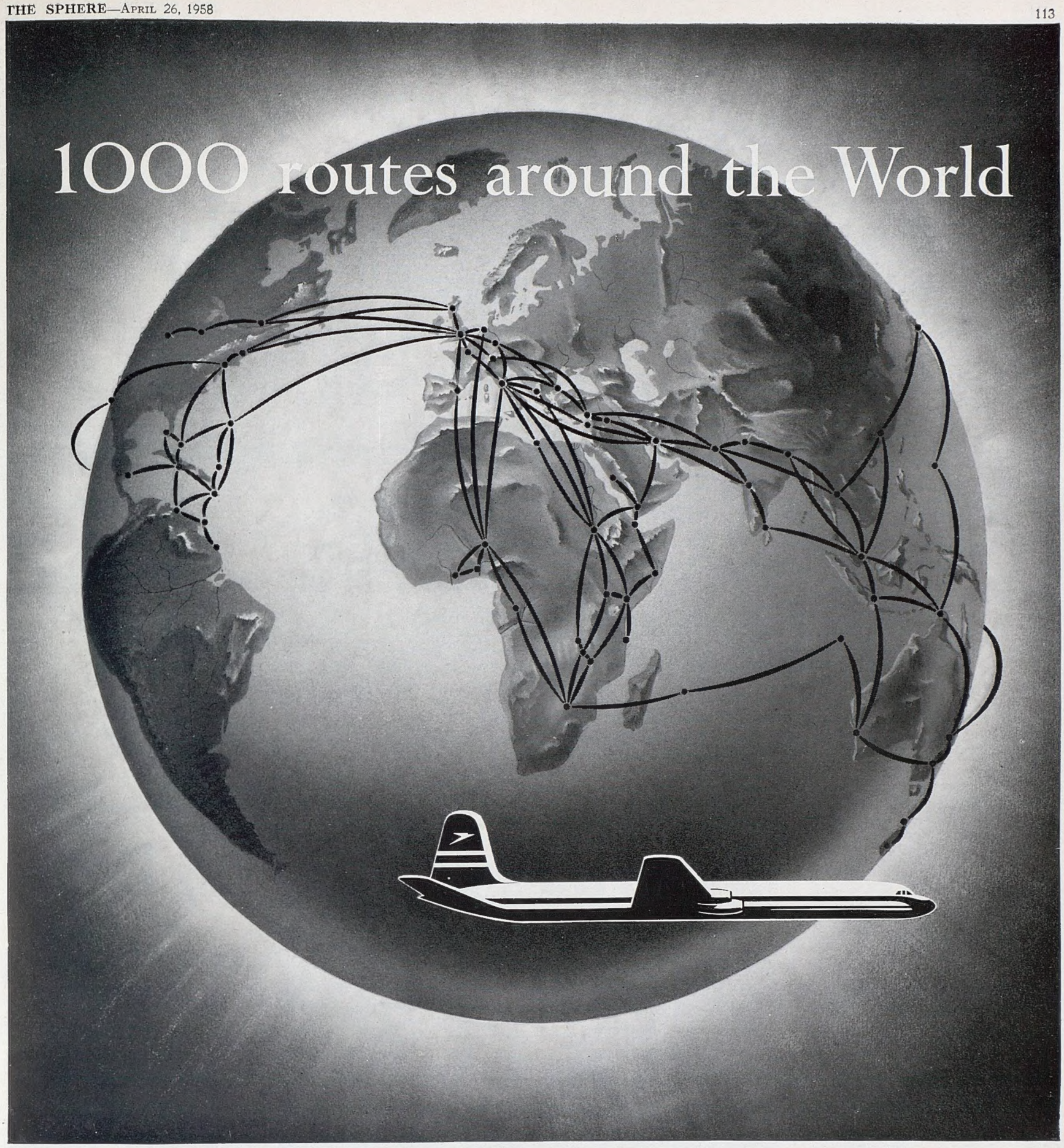

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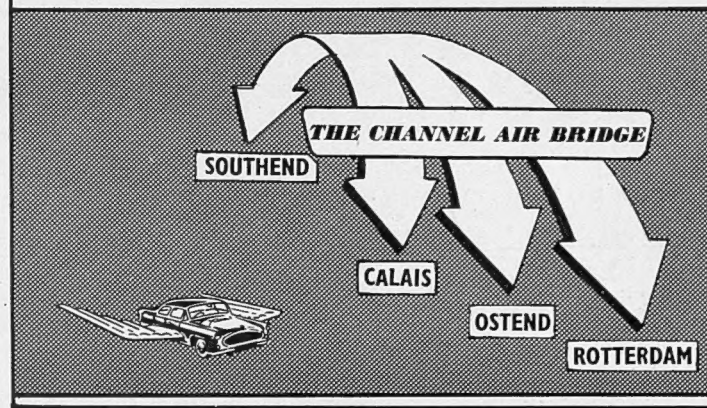

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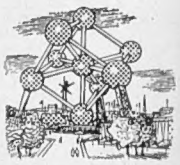

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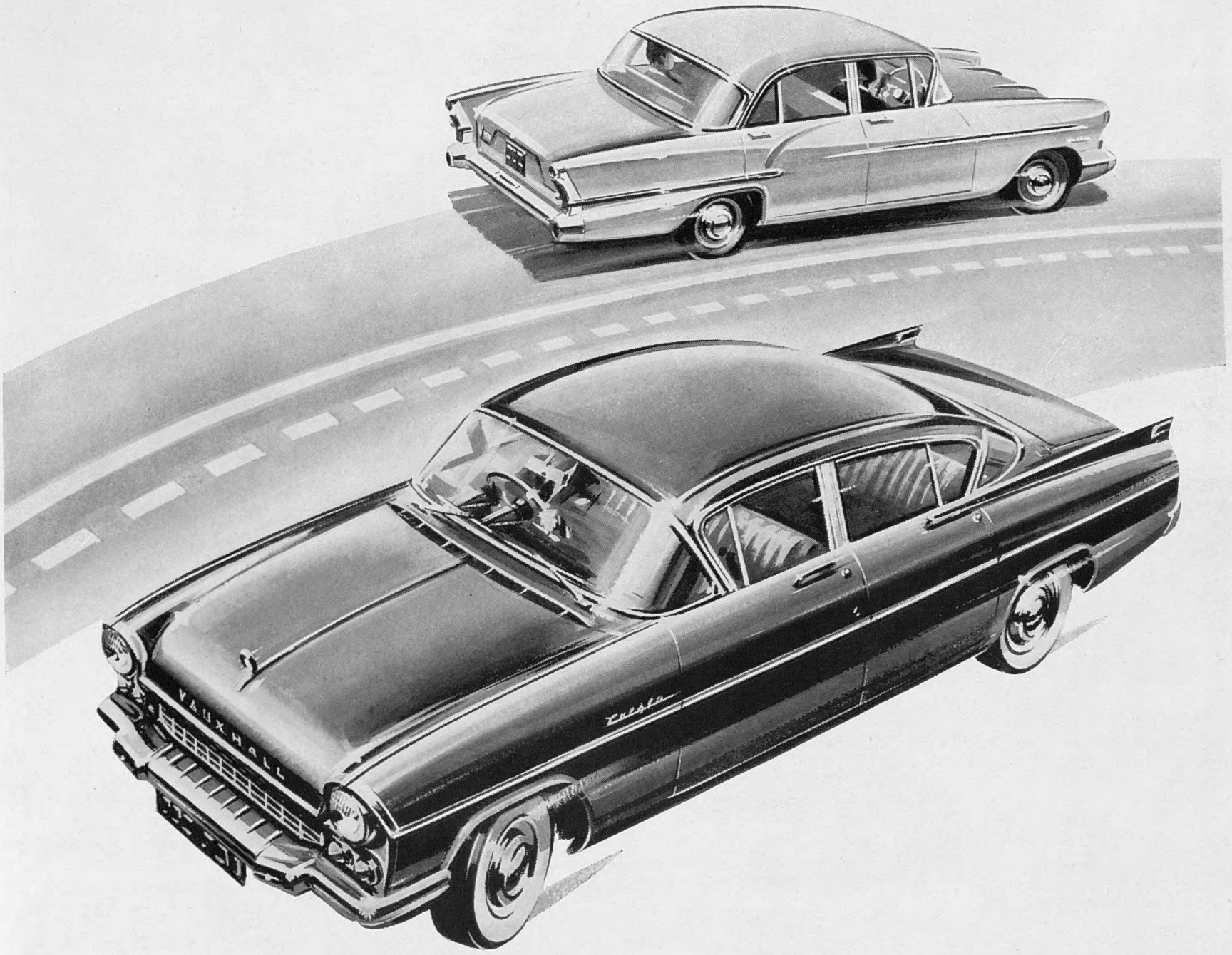

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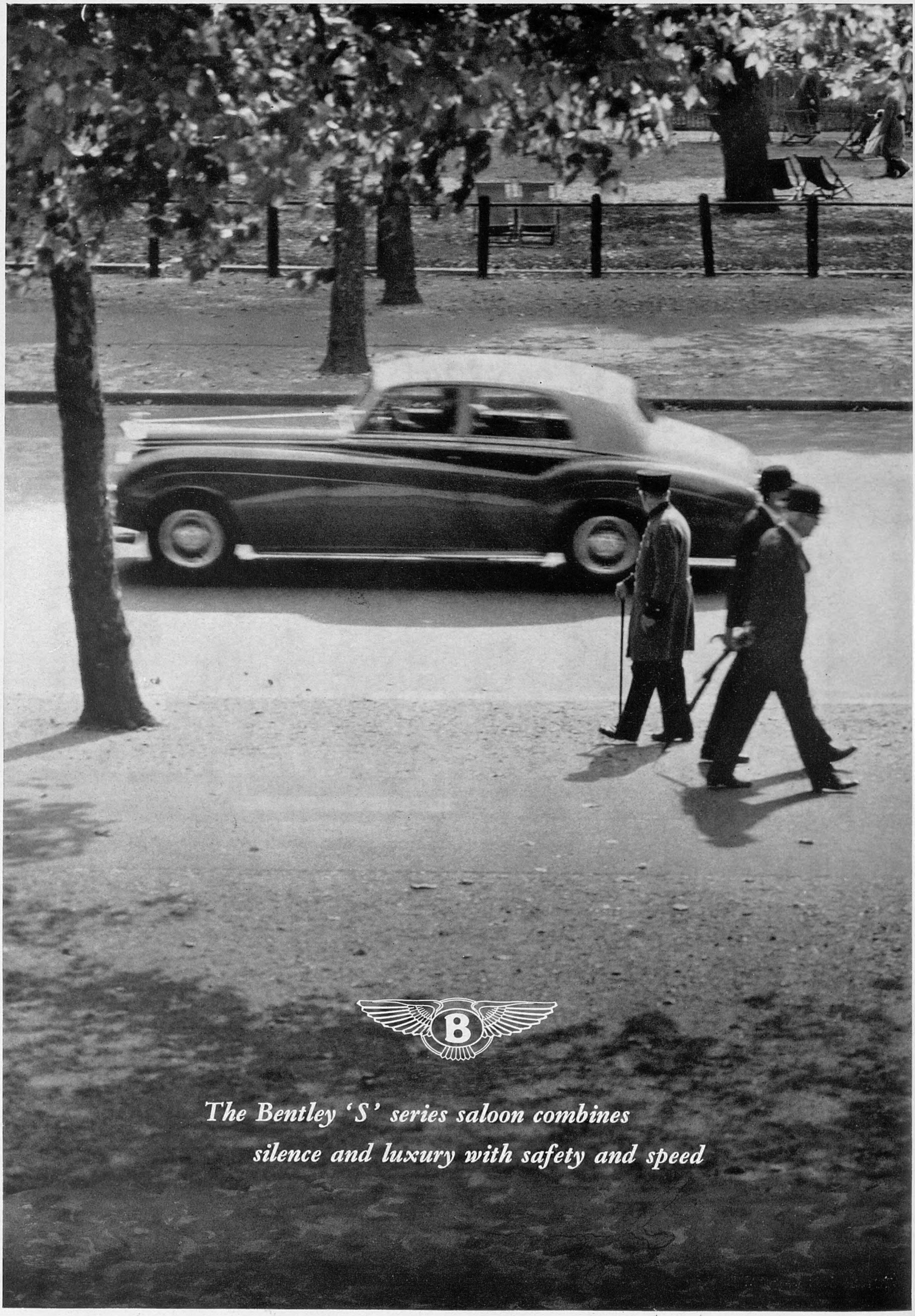
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Volume CCXXXIII No. 3030

The SPHERE, London, April 26, 1958

The SPHERE

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ROYAL SPECTATORS AT BADMINTON—THE QUEEN AND THE QUEEN MOTHER SIT ON THE GROUND TO WATCH THE HORSE TRIALS ON THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S ESTATE : As in previous years, the Queen was the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort at Badminton House for the three-day trials. In fine weather which provided excellent going, she saw Miss Sheila Willcox, on High and Mighty, placed first for the second year in succession with the remarkable score of +68·20.

The annual three-day equestrian event at Badminton is one of the more informal Royal occasions. This year, as in the past, the Queen, accompanied by the Queen Mother, sometimes used a farm wagon as a grandstand or sat on the ground near the jumps. The large crowd saw Miss Sheila Willcox and High and Mighty, the winners last year, carry off the honours again. By the end of the second day they had established so commanding a lead that the issue was beyond reasonable doubt. They could have afforded to have five fences down in the ring on the last day and would still have won. As it was, this superb combination faulted at only one fence in the final phase. This gave them a total of +68·20, far ahead of any rivals. Interest then concentrated on the runners-up. There were several possible candidates. Eventually Major D. Allhusen, on Laurien, was placed second (+21·20 points), and Miss A. Drummond-Hay, on Pluto (+6·07) third. Lieut-Commander J. Oram with Copperplate was fourth, having +4·33 points. (Further pictures on page 122.)

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A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN: It is by Anthony Devas, A.R.A., R.P., and will be on view at the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy which opens at Burlington House, in London, on May 3 (the Private View Day is on May 2). The painting, which portrays her Majesty in evening dress with the Garter sash, was commissioned by the Honourable Artillery Company, of which the Queen is Captain-General.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Budget.—Hopes of the next Budget are often to be compared with hopes of spring. A long winter of discontent too often ends in "the mixture as before"; in another spell of winter, no alleviation from the east winds of austerity. And always we fall back upon the only thing no Government can directly tax—*hope* that *next* April the picture will be much prettier. And though the new Chancellor's emissions from his red Pandora's box show clearly that he *heard* the advice of the industrial boards, financial magnates and other outside pundits, they do not prove that he listened with more than half an ear. He treated their sensible advice rather as unsuccessful candidates for the Lord Mayoralty are treated: "next year" or "another time." He gave us our customary "hold-fast" Budget. He rattled through with commendable speed and with a minimum of jokes. I should call it a "clever" Budget; the Opposition may find it necessary to "assent with civil leer" to it. The fight against inflation is still on and the danger of world recession not yet to be discounted. No one can quarrel with provision for unemployment, relief to the aged, such purchase tax adjustments as have been conceded and some stimulus to traders. But even a "good citizen," I suppose, dissects a new Budget first in reference to what he personally gets out of it, and from that angle, I confess to disappointment. I don't drink port and loathe sherry. I do drink petrol to excess. I see many advantages to myself and industry in "something off" petrol, while the "starving millions" (and their wives, too) could still manage to ration their port. Then again, I shan't buy a new tie at the more tempting figure of 13s. 6d. Finally, I am puzzled by the relief to the elderly. I am and have long been an "aged spouse," a confirmed septuagenarian. Does a means test apply to all and every concession to the aged? What does increased relief for earned income mean to *me*? All I know is that the Welfare State has passed me by, that I draw no old age pension, have to pay my dentist and doctor and do not appear to receive more tax relief than a man of thirty. Am I a fool or a martyr?

The Cupboard Was Bare.—It is clear that all the parties concerned in the rail dispute are very anxious to avoid a fight to the finish. Whether or no the rejection of the railwaymen's wage claim by their National Tribunal results in a "showdown," a general strike on the railways (and possibly wider than that), the findings of the Tribunal, majority and minority, certainly raise issues which only a showdown can resolve, and that by no means with general agreement. The "majority" findings admit that railwaymen's basic pay is below the average of comparable industries, and that acknowledgement is a strong argument for the disappointed workers. On the other hand, the principle that all industries must pay their way before the workers can improve their own standards has long been used in reverse as an argument by unions who claim (and succeed) that such-and-such an industry can well afford to devote some of its profits to the men who have helped to make it prosperous. Are the railways in a different position because the public and national industry cannot do without them, whether they "pay" or whether they do not? To rationalise themselves and to increase their efficiency a very generous provision for "overdrawing" is conceded them. The unions hitherto have not shown the expected and necessary flexibility in co-operating in efficient use of man-power to that end at the present stage of modernisation. Nor (it is fair to say) has the public in the matter of the closure of local uneconomic lines. But even if it were conceded that the public, as industrialists or passengers, must pay in fares, freights and by subsidies and inconveniences, to keep the railways from total bankruptcy, even so the Tribunal's majority finding does not accept that the rise in living costs counterbalances the pay increases demanded. Mr. Hall's minority finding was bound to differ in degree, but it could hardly have been expected that he would put on record that the finances of the industry under review were outside the terms of reference and that it was no part of the Tribunal's duty to consider how and whence the money must be found to meet the men's claim. The Government, no less than the Tribunal, have a double loyalty to serve, and in the face of Mr. Hall's cited argument alone, are bound to resist the claim, whatever the consequences, not only to support their own fight against inflation but in justice to the nation and public which for long has paid through the nose to keep the railways from collapse by direct and indirect payments out of all relation to the services received. The general public will never accept that "unlimited power" is good where it is exercised to benefit even half the community. Such "benefit," in any case, is short-term. The nation's good is indivisible.

Self-Censureship.—The Press Council announced last week their findings on two much-publicised cases of "intrusion into private tragedies"—the Munich air crash and the Kriek tragedies. None will question that the Council examined the evidence with infinite care and with all the impartiality which self-criticism can achieve. Their findings acquitted the British Press in bulk of unworthy behaviour but "regretted" the actions of one or two individual reporters. They found that those who laid the charges and publicised them had failed to substantiate them except in two isolated particulars. They deplored that in each case the initial indictment of heartless intrusion induced so many of the public to assume guilt or find the charges unanswerable. It is open to doubt whether if a body, independent of the Press, had undertaken the enquiries, its findings would have been as tolerant. Any member of the public who hopes to bring to notice with a view to ending what he believes to be a public evil must put his case as forcibly and make it as colourful as possible. A gentle protest would probably fail to find inclusion in the Press and certainly to evoke interest. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Both Mr. Milward and Mr. Fearon "got across" and their protests quite certainly produced a temporary effect for good on sensational reportage. There remains the insoluble and eternal question of what is "good taste." It is as variously defined outside Fleet Street as it is inside Fleet Street. The Press Council, representing all interests in the Street of Ink, must acknowledge more loyalties than one. It must be loyal to its weaker brethren while trying to be loyal to its members' individual standards. In its findings, it judged one or two incidents to be beyond "Fleet Street's" standards of decency and fitness. But it excused much which men in other streets have long regarded, and still regard, as beyond the pale.

"Under Arundel Rules."—The New Zealanders landed in England in the usual Test team weather. Sometimes summer comes in a night as in areas of eastern Europe. Having had all too little spring, it will come all the more as a surprise if we jump from ski-ing or coal-shovelling "in a night" to cricket. May it be so! Today (Saturday, April 26), the season's Test team will be opening their shoulders and their programme on the Duke of Norfolk's charming ground inside the walls of Arundel Castle, where so often of late years cricket has been played by stars as cricket (even Test cricket) should always be played. Played for the fun of the game and with a full determination to win; played as Mrs. Battle played her whist. The takings at Arundel today are to be in aid of the National Playing Fields and the county club, and a score of amusing diversions to charm money from pockets to the pool are usually laid on, including a broadcast by the practised orator, the owner of the ground. I have often enjoyed these Arundel matches in recent years and sometimes I have ruefully contrasted the game of cricket as played at Arundel and, say, at Trent Bridge, with many of the same players taking part. Is *this* the man who launched a dozen sixers in half as many overs at Arundel, this anxious stonewaller, with his eye on the clock and the statistics, plodding away at Headingley, Trent Bridge or Lord's? It is hard to accept that he is the same man unless one realises the power of publicity and ball-by-ball commentary to damp a firework and freeze a fountain jet. Certainly there's no better introduction to first-class cricket than when it is played under Arundel rules, and the fans will certainly forgather there. The New Zealanders should easily absorb the Arundel rules and spirit that day and (we hope) maintain it until September.

South-East England for Longevity.—The Registrar-General's vital and veracious annual statistics never fail to amuse me. The latest consider health and longevity between 1950 and 1953. He points conclusively to Eastbourne as the Mecca of all who hope to receive the Queen's telegram. More broadly, the south-east of England is the place to live if you yearn for that telegram. After our experience of the winter of 1957-58

THE PRIME MINISTER CASTS HIS VOTE: Mr. Macmillan, accompanied by his wife, is seen arriving at Caxton Hall to cast his vote in the London County Council elections, in which the Socialists won a majority of 76.

A RARE HONOUR FOR A NEW PAINTING : The portrait of the Countess of Dalkeith by John Ralph Merton, has been given an "A" award by the Selection Committee of the Royal Academy. It was accepted for the Summer Exhibition on a unanimous vote. This is a rare honour and it is the first time for many years that a painting has received the award. The Countess is painted against a background of an early spring morning in Scotland. In the distance, on the left, is a bend of the River Tweed, and, on the right, is the Eildon Hill ; Eildon Hall, the residence of the Dalkeiths, where the painting will have its permanent home, stands on the side of the hill. Above Lady Dalkeith's head is one of the family heraldic devices—the heart of King Bruce brought back "on wings" from the Holy Land by an ancestor of the Earl. The Renaissance style architectural screen is pierced so as to form niches holding small statuettes of the Countess. Her diamond necklace has been a family possession for many generations. Mr. Merton took 1,500 hours to complete the painting.

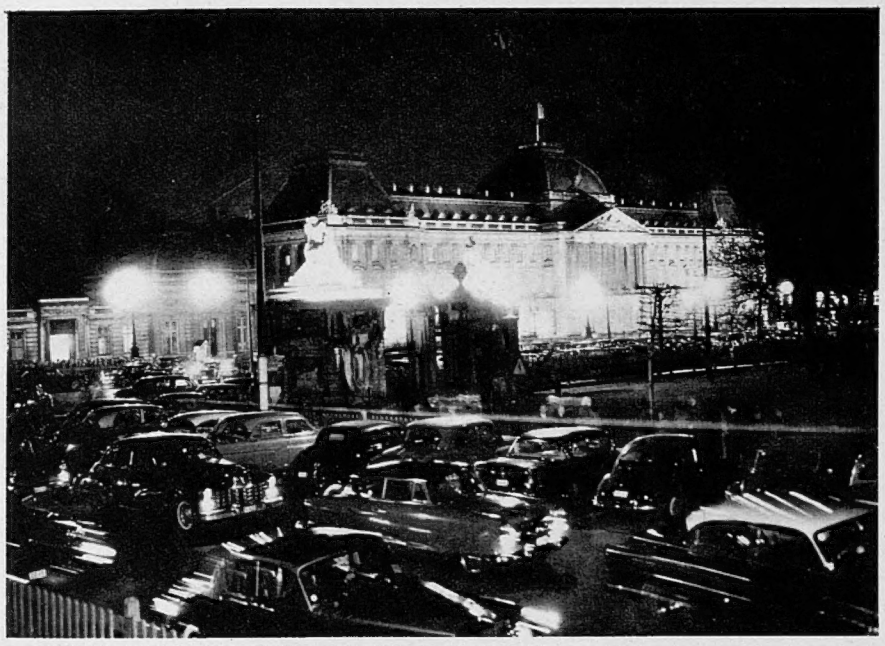
we may expect the Registrar-General to change his mind, as he sometimes does, in future statistics. Meanwhile, Eastbourne and East Anglia and Kent will have their housing problems accentuated. In the south-east of England, not only will your health be better preserved, but you will be far less likely to be cut off untimely in a road accident. In Kent your risk on the road is 16 per cent. below average, but do not move further west than East Sussex. If you do, your road risk will be 19 per cent. *above* average. For longevity fiends or fans, county boroughs are to be avoided, Salford and Southwark in particular. And males should avoid living in Wales and north-west England, while no woman is safe in south-east Lancashire. But women and men alike who live in rural West Sussex or rural Wiltshire can stay put. You have been warned, and if there is a general post, don't blame me or add to my general post. Blame the Registrar-General.

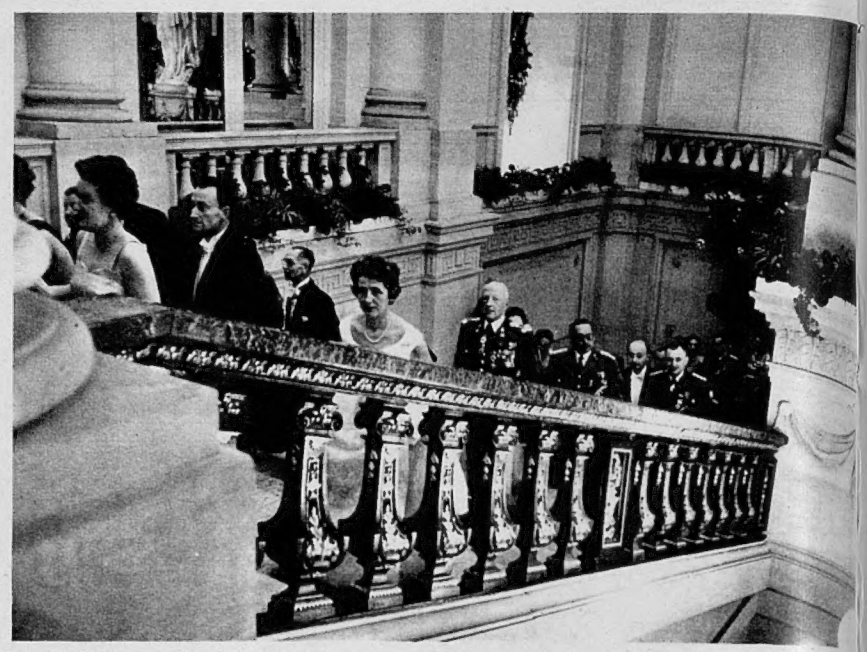
TELLING BRITAIN ABOUT NATO: General Sir Richard Gale, Deputy Supreme Allied Commander-Designate, inspects the pictures in a mobile NATO exhibition which he opened on Horse Guards Parade on Monday of last week.

Revolt in Subtopia ?—Public reaction to the regimentations of bureaucracy appears to be growing. The man-in-the-street, if he is not yet fully aware of the utter lack of taste and fitness which "distinguishes" so many of the efforts of bureaucracy to "tidy us up," is at least increasingly made aware of how little freedom is left him, how swift is the advance of Subtopia and its detestable armaments. Since A. E. Matthews' gallant gesture and initial defeat in the matter of an ugly lamp-post, we have read of a sizeable uprising in Surrey. A householder in Shamley Green, spoiling for martyrdom, threw a number of traffic signs into a pond and a lady in Kingston has fought a successful rearguard action with the regular forces over the erection of a sign outside her "lounge" windows. It bears on a hideous mustard background the legend "GENTLEMEN." There are moments, of course, when such a sign is very welcome to gentlemen, but it is hard on a housewife that she must endure the sight of it day in, day out, for years on end. The problem is difficult to resolve. Built-up areas must expect more direction signs than rural areas. If I were a fighter, still good for one more fight against the inevitable, I should turn out to save the last reserves of rural England from subtopian signs and curbs and other tidying-ups. I should fight for a few more acres of nature reserves. Only the other day, Lord Denning reminded an audience how dangerously strong have grown the conventional forces of bureaucracy. Although he could not in his position recommend unconstitutional means of resistance, he must sympathise in Suburbia's awakening to the danger.

More Space.—I suppose the Duke of Edinburgh was justified in saying that he could not believe that the British people and the Commonwealth peoples would be content to sit idly by and watch others explore the universe around us. I feel no doubt that his audience in the Festival Hall for the most part agreed with him. They were drawn almost entirely from the 16 to 24 age-group. Britain's present inactivity in space-travel experiment, he said, was due to one cause alone—the appalling cost of experimenting. We must be prepared to make very considerable sacrifices in other directions if we are to hold our place. I am not well informed as to the ratio of the populations of Britain and the Commonwealth whose ages range from 25 to 100. But it must be high, and I doubt whether a large proportion of it would willingly sacrifice its Welfare State benefits or submit to higher taxation in order to be in the van as explorers of space. The project and its fine adventure, of course, appeal to youth. But as one grows older, one may judge that new financial sacrifices would be more easily endured and more easily justified if devoted to making our own world a pleasanter and happier place to live in before discovering other planets in which our children can be safely born and bred. For my part, I *would* vote for earmarking a part of what we may one day save on the manufacture of H-bombs and the maintenance of defence armaments, on experiments in space travel, but by no means all of it. We need a deal of money to put our own house in order, and though this little island is overfull, there is still a good deal of empty space on our earth which money could turn into hopeful emigration space. It is early days to try to find that space on Mars or the Moon. But, of course, I am old enough to remember a time when England was for a minority a pleasant place to live in before the era of motor-cars, planes, radio and nuclear power, and I realise that mine is a minority voice and an old stager's lament.

The Old Stager





A SCENE OF GREAT SPLENDOUR IN THE BELGIAN CAPITAL: *Left*—A general view of the floodlit Palace in Brussels, showing some of the hundreds of cars which carried guests to the Court Ball. The Ball was attended by King Baudouin and other members of the Belgian Royal Family, as well as by representatives of other European Royal Families. Many of the 6,000 guests represented the countries participating in the Brussels Exhibition. *Right*—Some of the guests are seen as they climbed the stairs to the ballroom.

ROYAL BALL IN BRUSSELS

The Spectacular Social Event in the Belgian Capital at the Start of the Exhibition

The spectacular Court Ball given by King Baudouin last week in the Royal Palace in Brussels was the first of its kind in Belgium since 1934. It was given to celebrate the Brussels Universal and International Exhibition which the King had opened in Heysel Park two days earlier. King Baudouin was accompanied at the Ball by his father, ex-King Leopold, and by other members of the Royal Family. Queen Elisabeth the Queen Mother of Belgium, who had attended the opening of the Exhibition, was not present. There were 6,000 guests and among those who sat on the Royal dais in the ballroom were eleven un-married princesses of Europe, and five princes. In addition to the members of the Diplomatic Corps the other guests included representatives of the countries taking part in the six-month-long exhibition. The King opened the Ball with Crown Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands and dancing beneath the massive chandeliers continued until the early hours of the next morning. This great social occasion was the first of many splendid events which have been arranged in the Belgian capital during the coming six months until the Exhibition closes in mid-October.

THE ENTRY OF THE KING OF THE BELGIANS: Guests curtsy and bow as King Baudouin, accompanied by officials, walks through the Hall of Mirrors to the ballroom in the Palace. Two days before the Ball, the King, accompanied by other members of the Royal Family, had gone out to Heysel Park, to declare open the Brussels Universal and International Exhibition. Other references to the Exhibition, including pictures of the opening ceremony and of the site itself, appear elsewhere in this issue.

THE KING WITH HIS GUESTS: *Left*—He meets Madame de Gerlache de Gomery, wife of the leader of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition. *Right*—Seated in the front row of the Royal dais are, from left: Prince Albert, ex-King Leopold, Princess de Réthy, the King, Crown Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands, Prince Constantine of Greece and Princess Irene of the Netherlands. The King opened the Ball with Princess Beatrix. Neither Queen Elisabeth (Belgium's Queen Mother) nor Prince Charles was present.

CELEBRATING THE OPENING OF THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION—THE SPECTACULAR SCENE AT THE BALL: The guests dance beneath the huge chandeliers in the Empire Salon in the Royal Palace in Brussels. In addition to the two Princesses from the Netherlands, the other Princesses at the Ball included Princess Isabelle of France, Princess Birgitta and Princess Desirée of Sweden. It was the first Court Ball to be held in Brussels since 1934. Dancing went on until the early hours of the morning.

Trials at Badminton

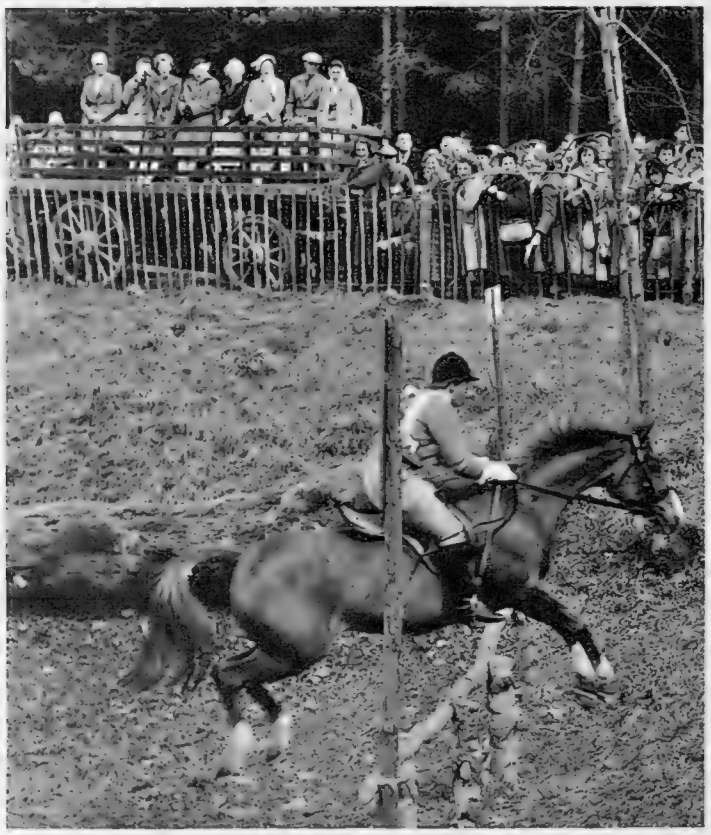
Phases in this Year's Three-day Equestrian Events

The horse trials carried out over three days at Badminton, on the Duke of Beaufort's estate in Gloucestershire, consist of dressage, steeplechase, cross-country course and show-jumping.

Dressage, in which rider and horse carry out certain exercises, is perhaps the least spectacular of the events, but in some ways it demands the greatest skill. The high standard shown in this section on the first day was ample indication that British riders need no longer fear what was at one time regarded as a virtual Continental monopoly in international competitions.

Badminton 1958 will undoubtedly go down in the records as the year of Miss Willcox and High and Mighty. In winning for the second year in succession, they were never really up against any serious rival for the first place. Their score speaks for itself: dressage = 37, steeplechase + 37·6, cross-country + 77·6, show-jumping − 10. Total + 68·20. In fifth place was Miss V. Gilligan, daughter of the former England cricketer Harold Gilligan. Her engagement to Peter May, England's Captain, was announced last Sunday.

IN THE DRESSAGE RING: Mr. Ian Dudgeon, on Charleville, is watched by a large crowd on the first day of the three-day horse trials at Badminton, in Gloucestershire. In the background the Royal Standard is flying above historic Badminton House, where the Queen and the Queen Mother were the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort during the trials last week.



IN "THE QUARRY": Mrs. L. E. Allen and her mare Forsha take one of the two post-and-rail obstacles in this part of the cross-country course. She is watched by the Royal party from a vantage point on a cart.

A SEVERE TEST OF SKILL: At Huntsman's Close, Captain N. Arthur and Miss Jacqueline Carlisle's Widgeon leap over a particularly testing fence on the cross-country course. It consists of a 3-ft. 10-in. rail in a dry ditch. Although going well here, Widgeon was later eliminated.

THE RUNNER-UP: Major D. Allhusen, on Laurien, goes over a jump to complete a clear round in the jumping ring. This gave him second place in the three days with + 21·20 points. Miss A. Drummond-Hay, on Pluto, was third with + 6·07 points.

WINNERS AT BADMINTON FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION: Miss Sheila Willcox and her dun gelding High and Mighty show their abilities. They went into first place from the start of the trials and were soon comfortably leading the other competitors.

The News in Pictures

A TRADITIONAL CEREMONY IN MONACO: Prince Albert, the heir to the throne of Monaco, is presented to the people by Princess Grace in a ceremony in the inner courtyard of the Royal Palace. On the right, Prince Rainier holds their elder child, Princess Caroline. The future of the heir was toasted in champagne. Later, Prince Albert was baptised in Monaco Cathedral by Mgr. J. Delay, the former Archbishop of Marseilles.

THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF DENMARK ASSUMES HER RIGHTS: On her eighteenth birthday, Princess Margrethe of Denmark attends a Cabinet meeting at Christiansborg, for the first time. Seated round the table are King Frederik (on the right), and from his right, Princess Margrethe; Finance Minister, Viggo Kampmann; Minister Without Portfolio, Dr. Viggo Starcke; Minister of Economy, J. O. Krag; Church Minister, Mrs. Bodil Koch; Minister of Transportation, Kaj Lindberg; Minister of Fisheries, Oluf Pedersen; Minister of Agriculture, Karl Skytte; Minister of Commerce, Professor Kjeld Philp; Minister for Home Affairs, Soren Olesen; Minister of Housing, Kai Bundrad; Minister of Justice, Hans Haekkerup; Minister for Social Affairs, Julius Bomholt; Minister of Economic Affairs, Bertel Dahlgaard; Minister of Education, Jorgen Jorgensen; and Premier, H. C. Hansen.

PREPARING FOR THE GENERAL ELECTIONS IN ITALY: The Christian Democrat Party holds an election meeting in the Teatro Adriano in Rome, during the campaigns preceding the elections which take place on May 25. The party hopes to obtain a stable majority in the next Parliament. New efforts are being made to form a "popular front" between the Communist Party and the Left Wing Italian Socialist Party.

On left—

EZRA POUND FREED: After twelve years in a hospital for the insane, Mr. Pound, the poet, leaves the Federal Court in Washington, freed from an indictment for treason. The Court found that Mr. Pound was "incurably insane."

DELAY IN CABINET-MAKING IN PARIS: M. Le Troquer, President of the National Assembly, is surrounded by photographers as he leaves the Elysée Palace. He had asked President Coty to delay inviting any political leader to form a Cabinet to succeed the defeated Gaillard Government until after the French local elections. These took place last Sunday. By Monday morning it was known that President Coty had asked M. Bidault to form the next French Government. The former Prime Minister was reported to have undertaken this hard task.

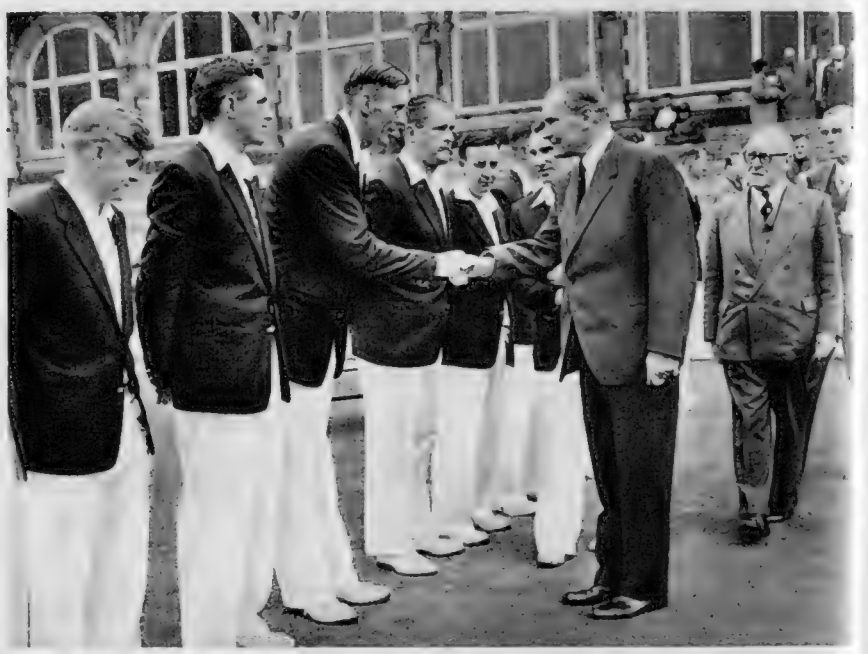
THE CONFERENCE OF INDEPENDENT AFRICAN STATES: Dr. Nkrumah, the Prime Minister of Ghana, formally declares the meetings opened in the Parliament House at Accra. Besides Ghana, seven other African States were represented—Ethiopia, Tunisia, Libya, Morocco, the Sudan, Liberia and the United Arab Republic (of which the senior partner is Egypt). Dr. Nkrumah declared that the purpose of the Conference was "to consolidate our hard-won independence" and "help our brothers still languishing under colonial rule."

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

PRESIDENT BOURGUIBA OF TUNIS IN A MILITARY REVIEW: He stands in his car as he takes part in the ceremony in the capital of his country. In a broadcast last week the President referred to the failure of the Anglo-French "good offices" mission and the overthrow of the Gaillard Government in Paris, and said the Franco-Tunisian dispute must go to the United Nations.

PROTEST AGAINST ATOMIC ARMS IN WEST GERMANY: Carrying placards against the arming of the Federal German Army with nuclear weapons, demonstrators march through the streets of Hamburg. A vast crowd of people joined in the protest march and the city's traffic was held up for nearly an hour at a busy time of day.

A NEW GLIDING DISTANCE RECORD: Commander H. C. N. Goodhart, of Newbury, Berkshire, stands by the glider in which he flew for a distance of 319 miles. This supersedes the existing distance record for the United Kingdom, which stood at 279 miles. The flight took six hours, ten minutes. Commander Goodhart, only British holder of the International Diamond "C" award, won the two-seater championship at the last world gliding championships in France in 1956. He is competing in the same championships in Poland in June.



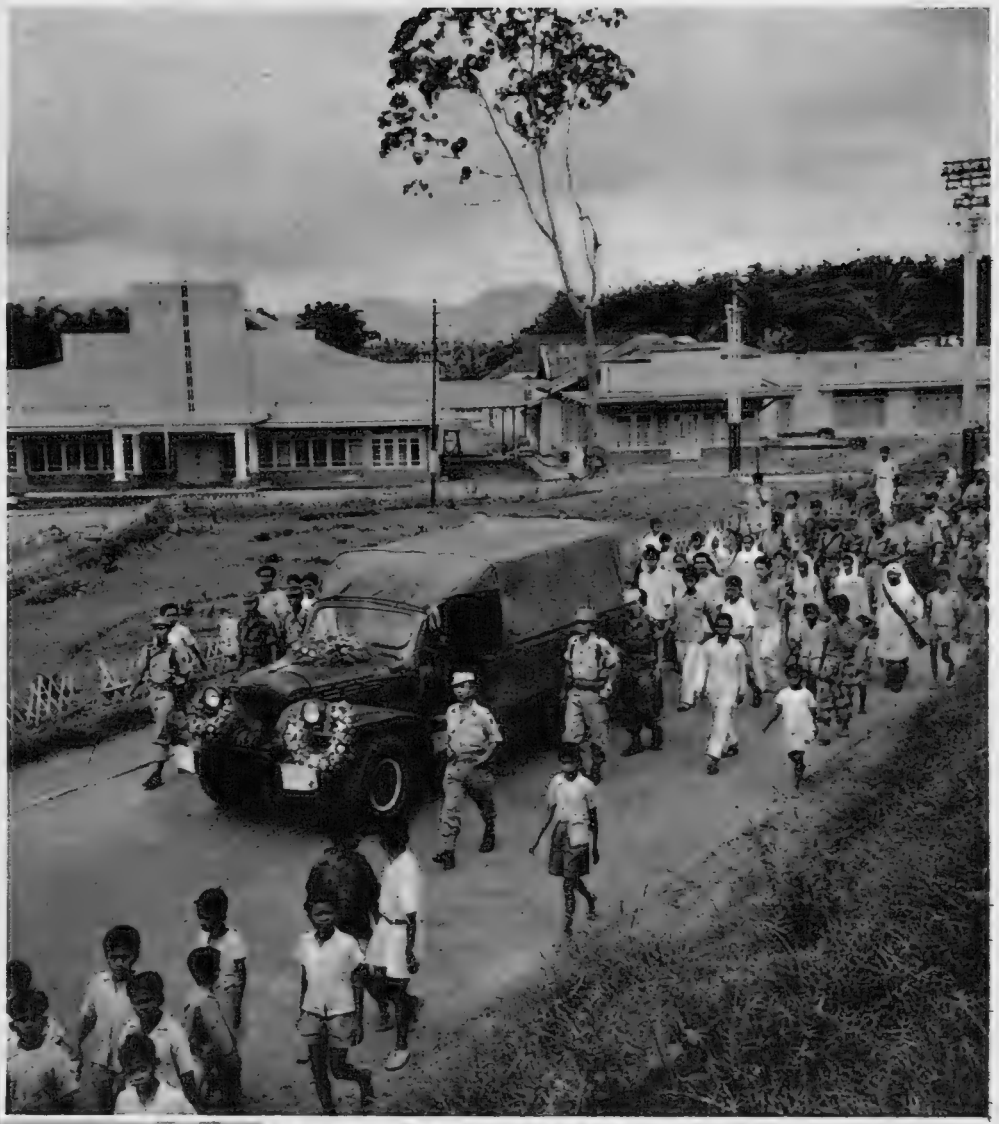
THE NEW ZEALAND CRICKETERS IN LONDON: At the Oval, J. R. Reid, the captain of this year's Tourists, introduces A. R. MacGibbon to Lord Freyberg, V.C., a former Governor-General of New Zealand. Other members of the team are, from left, J. D'Arcy, W. Playle, T. Meale and A. M. Moir. J. H. Phillipps, the manager, is on the right behind Lord Freyberg. The New Zealanders easily defeated London New Zealand C.C. in a one-day match, the first since their arrival here. They begin their first-class tour at Worcester next Wednesday.

A DISPLAY OF ELECTRONICS AND AUTOMATION : A general view of the stands at Olympia during the Instruments, Electronics and Automation Exhibition. Of a total of 250 home exhibitors, sixty were new-comers. Over 100 manufacturers from overseas were represented. One of the most interesting features of the exhibition was the British rocket, Skylark, which was on view for the first time. It was designed and built for scientific investigations in the outer atmosphere as part of Britain's contribution to the International Geophysical Year.

MODERN FACTORY EQUIPMENT ON SHOW : The scene at Earls Court on the occasion of the sixth Factory Equipment Exhibition opened by Sir David Eccles, President of the Board of Trade. Included with the usual exhibits was a section allotted to thermal insulation. This display was included because of the new Thermal Insulation (Industrial Buildings) Act, 1957, under which industrial buildings must comply with a standard of insulation against loss of heat. Thirty-five companies in the heat insulation field had their goods on show.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

INDONESIAN REBELS' DEFENSIVE MEASURES AGAINST PARATROOPS: A sentry keeps guard among the tall, sharpened bamboo stakes driven into the ground at the airfield of Bukittinggi, a rebel stronghold in Central Sumatra. This was one of the precautions taken against attempts at parachute landings by Government troops. The airfield was also reported to be ringed with mines which could be detonated quickly.



MILITARY FUNERAL IN BUKITTINGGI: Wreaths have been placed on the bonnet and round the headlamps of the lorry carrying the body of a rebel soldier killed in the fighting on the road between Padang and Pakanbaru. The latter town fell to the Government early this month. Last week the Government forces were continuing their advance westwards towards Bukittinggi and Padang, the rebel headquarters. At the same time Commando units were landed on the west coast of Sumatra near Padang, and immediately began an assault on the town. Within a few hours it was claimed in Jakarta that the airfield outside Padang had been occupied. Thus the rebels had to meet attacks from two directions.

A DEMONSTRATION AT A GAOL IN CYPRUS: Some of the prisoners at the Central Prison in Nicosia stand on the roof to encourage a demonstration by other inmates below them and relatives outside the walls. This was an incident in the one-day protest in Cyprus against the detention camp system.

TALKS BETWEEN EGYPT AND TUNISIA: At his Presidential residence in Cairo, Colonel Nasser shakes hands with Sadok Mokkadem, the Foreign Minister of Tunisia. On the left is Tayeb Al Sahbany, the Tunisian Ambassador to Egypt. While he was in the Egyptian capital, Sadok Mokkadem also had conferences with the Egyptian Foreign Minister. In recent weeks Nasser has been making great efforts to prevent Tunisia from coming into closer association with the West, no doubt hoping that this will count in his favour in his visit to Moscow. He has also been consolidating his hold on Syria, Egypt's partner in the United Arab Republic.

A HALT IN A PROTEST MARCH IN CYPRUS: Police stop demonstrators carrying placards in Nicosia to examine their credentials. The Cypriots were taking part in a march of relatives and friends of political prisoners to Government House. They carried banners and slogans calling for the release of the detainees. Although police diverted most of the procession, Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor, received a small deputation at his official residence and gave an assurance that the position of the prisoners was being carefully examined. At the beginning of this month some 500 Greek Cypriots were being detained without trial in camps on the island.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A LANDSLIDE IN SOUTHERN ITALY: A house lies in ruins in the small village of Trevico, about 75 miles inland from Naples, in the Avellino district of Southern Italy. At least seven houses have disappeared into a water-filled chasm about half a mile long in the hill on which Trevico stands. The inhabitants, estimated at about 2,000 to 3,000, evacuated the village now lying in ruins.

On right—

THE VILLAGERS LEAVE: Leading or carrying children or belongings salvaged from the ruins, the inhabitants of Trevico leave their homes. Trevico stands on the highest hill in the area about 3,000 ft. above sea-level. The district is mainly agricultural.

THE BELGIAN QUEEN MOTHER IN RUSSIA: The grandmother of King Baudouin of Belgium, Queen Elisabeth (on left), talks to a woman on a collective farm in the Gori district of Georgia. The Belgian Queen Mother was visiting Russia at the invitation of President Voroshilov to attend the Tchaikovsky international violin and piano competition. This is the first time a member of a European reigning Royal Family has visited the U.S.S.R. since the Bolshevik Revolution. Queen Elisabeth returned to Belgium for the World Fair.

A CONCERT IN THE VATICAN: Pope Pius XII, who is seated on the throne on the right, listens to a concert given in the Hall of Benedictions of the Vatican Palace. The conductor of the orchestra is Artur Rodzinski, who has conducted many distinguished orchestras, including the New York Philharmonic, in Europe and America.

THE PRESENTATION OF A NEW SCIENTIFIC AWARD: Members of the team of scientists who built Zeta at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell look at the first "Achievement Award," which was presented to them for having contributed most to the prestige of Great Britain. From left to right, the scientists are Mr. R. S. Pease, Mr. D. W. Fry, Mr. Robert Carruthers, Mr. R. Tayler and Dr. P. C. Thonemann, the leader of the team. Behind them is a large photograph of Zeta—zero energy thermonuclear assembly—which is used to experiment with the possibilities of transforming the hydrogen in sea water into electricity. The award has been founded by Sir Edward Hulton.

Gatwick Airport Nears Completion

A Unique Air Terminal in Surrey Will Shortly be Operational

A NEW AIRPORT FOR LONDON: Men are engaged on the last stages of the construction work at Gatwick Airport, in Surrey, in readiness for the official opening of the new terminal buildings by the Queen on June 9. When the airport re-enters service it will be the first of its kind in the world to combine air, rail and road transport in one unit. It will permit passengers to travel directly to and from the airport, thus avoiding the need of a town air terminal. The old 370-acre airport is now double its size and will accommodate the largest airliners. Gatwick's primary use will be that of a main diversion centre for international flights unable to land at London Airport because of bad weather. It will also take over a number of the air services to the Channel Islands. Gatwick is well situated to take on such a role, for it is on the main railway line to London with a fast electric train service to Victoria. The platforms of the old Gatwick racecourse railway station have been reconstructed to serve air passengers. The bad weather of 1956 delayed much of the preparatory work but the schedule has been stepped up considerably and it is expected that shortly after the Queen's visit the airport will be fully operational.

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF PASSENGERS: Part of the covered corridor along which passengers will walk to their aircraft instead of using airport buses. The operations block, on a lower level, passes underneath. *On right*—The new control tower which has been constructed at the north end of Gatwick's main runway.

A UNIQUE JUNCTION OF AIR, RAIL AND ROAD TRANSPORT: A general view showing, in the centre, the airport's terminal building. Underneath it runs a diversion of the London to Brighton road which provides access to the building by means of ramped approaches leading to an elevated roundabout. On the far side is the covered corridor leading to the apron. On the near side extends the bridge connecting the building to the railway station on the main London to Brighton line.

THE NEW COMET IV LEAVES THE ASSEMBLY HALL: Technicians and engineers are gathered round the first of the nineteen Comet IVs ordered by B.O.A.C. after it had been rolled out from the assembly hall at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, in readiness for towing to Flight Test for extensive fuel-flow checks and engine runs. The first deliveries of the Comet IV will be made in the latter part of the year.

AIRCRAFT OF TODAY

Experiment and Development in Great Britain and America

At the Hatfield, Hertfordshire, works of the de Havilland Aircraft Company Ltd., considerable interest was roused when the first of the nineteen Comet IV's for the British Overseas Airways Company was rolled out from the assembly hall and towed to Flight Test for fuel-flow checks and engine runs. The Comet IV differs from the Series III in having a redesigned fuselage, increased power, reduced fuel consumption and increased tankage, resulting in improved range-payload capabilities. It is powered by four Rolls-Royce Avon jets, each of 10,500 lb. thrust, fitted with the new Rolls-Royce jet noise suppressors, and will carry sixty first-class passengers over a stage length of 3,000 miles allowing for reserves. Alternatively, the new aircraft will carry seventy-six tourist-class passengers over a stage length of 2,700 miles allowing for reserves.

A REVOLUTIONARY DEVELOPMENT: The Fairey Aviation Company's Fairey Rotodyne, claimed the first vertical take-off airliner, has achieved transition from vertical helicopter flight to orthodox forward flight. During a test, it climbed to 4,000 ft. as a helicopter. The power to the rotor was then closed down and transferred to the forward-facing airscrews, and the Rotodyne flew forward. The procedure was reversed for landing. Instead of relying entirely on a mechanically-driven rotor, the Rotodyne uses pressure-jets at the tips of the rotor blades for vertical flight, and in horizontal flight is propelled by normal forward-facing airscrews driven by two Napier Eland turbo-prop engines.

A NEW AMERICAN JET AIRLINER MAKES ITS DEBUT: The first of the Douglas Aircraft Company's DC-8 jet airliners stands on a runway at the Long Beach, California, works in readiness for ground tests. It is a four-jet swept-wing aircraft and 138 have been ordered by various airlines. As all the versions will have the same overall dimensions, the aerodynamic characteristics and the location of the major elements are identical. The electrical, hydraulic, control and air-conditioning systems will be uniform for all types. The intercontinental DC-8 will differ from the domestic version only in its added fuel capacity and the structural modifications needed to carry the additional fuel.

THE MAIDEN FLIGHT OF A NEW BRITISH TURBO-PROP: A Handley Page Dart Herald comes in to make a perfect landing at the firm's works at Woodley Aerodrome, near Reading, in Berkshire. The turbo-jet prototype is an adaptation of the Handley Page Leonides (piston engine) Herald. Intended for local service-routes, the new airliner is powered by two Rolls-Royce Dart Mk. 527 turbo-prop engines. The design of the latest version of this aeroplane will provide the speed, smoothness and reliability of turbo-prop flight on local-service air routes in any part of the world. The Dart Herald can carry forty-three passengers or over 4½ tons of freight, or a combination of passengers and freight. Adjacent to the passenger door at the end of the cabin is another door giving access to the baggage and freight compartment aft.

On left—
SOON TO BEGIN PASSENGER OPERATIONS: The first Fairchild Engine and Airplane Corporation's F.27 forty-passenger twin-propjet aircraft comes off the assembly line at Hagerstown, Maryland. It has a high wing providing unobstructed visibility for passengers and is powered by two Rolls-Royce Dart turbo-prop engines which give a cruising speed of 280 m.p.h.

Below—
THE SECOND BOEING JET ON THE TARMAC: Following its roll out from the Boeing Airplane Company's Transport Division in Washington, the second production Boeing 707 jet stratoliner is being towed to its pre-flight testing position. The Boeing Model 707 was the first American jet transport to be completed and flown. Its maiden flight was in July 1954.

World Affairs

LEADERSHIP WITHOUT GRIP

By JOHN CONNELL

WORLD leadership, as Britain exercised it in the nineteenth century, was an august, but comprehensible, and indeed tolerable, responsibility. The possession of an overwhelming preponderance of naval strength was linked to enormous and rapidly increasing material wealth, sustaining a foreign policy of genuinely enlightened self-interest, at once benign and aloof. Her hegemony did not make Britain beloved, but it gave the world an era of peaceful and ordered development such as it had not experienced for fifteen or sixteen centuries.

Two world wars and an extravagant outpouring of blood and treasure have effectively destroyed that hegemony. It has fallen to the United States, in our time, to try to build, out of the ruin and hatred and pain and confusion, some kind of ordered framework in which civilisation may have a chance of mending and survival. It is a bleak and comfortless task, beset by moral and practical pitfalls of the most daunting character. The people of the United States never sought such a responsibility. Their society indeed had been built by the labour and skill of generations of men and women who, of set purpose, rejected such concepts, who had crossed the Atlantic in order to sever, finally and completely, the old ties and the old allegiances. In spite of Canning's proud cry, more than a century ago, the New World has been notably reluctant to be called in to redress the balance of the Old. Isolationism in the United States is not just a politician's catchword ; it is a deep, ineradicable, inherited principle.

It has therefore been a major miracle—though complex and ironic, too—that the Government and people of the United States have been able, in the past decade, to turn their backs so resolutely on their own history and their own traditions, to face, with a remarkable consistency of courage and sense and foresight, the enormous and unrelenting responsibility of world leadership, and to strive to evolve a foreign policy and a defence policy in keeping with so momentous and so enlightened a decision.

This is fundamental. The blunders and shortcomings of American external policy, numerous and irritating as they often seem, are of secondary significance. The passing of British world hegemony I happen to regard as a most melancholy event laden with disagreeable and distressing consequences, affecting people in all parts of the globe, from the Chin Hills on the Assam-Burma border to the northern territories of what was once known as the Gold Coast; and the American part in the British abandonment of empire has not been a creditable one. Yet if the United States had not taken a series of major military or politico-diplomatic steps in the years from 1945 onwards—including the development of atomic and thermonuclear weapons, including the Marshall Plan, the Berlin airlift, the resistance of aggression in Korea and the maintenance of foreign aid—the situation would be far more disastrous. The perimeter of civilisation is contracted and dented; the enemy has captured more than one important fortress thousands of miles inside our lines and is infiltrating rapidly into others; but for twelve or thirteen vital years he has been held, in general, in check.

That period of containment, however, is now over; and American thinking and policy-making has, for more than a decade, been geared entirely to containment. With the Russians in possession of a thermonuclear armoury at least as formidable as the Americans' (perhaps outstripping it), the concept of military containment, for the preservation of peace, is rendered entirely obsolete. And the idea of diplomatic or political containment, as was demonstrated by the harsh fate of the Eisenhower Doctrine in the Middle East after Suez, is equally valueless.

It is necessary to think again and think hard. This is the effort which those whose duty it is to shape the external policy of the United States find it surpassingly difficult to make. Much has happened since Mr. Dulles spoke about an "agonising reappraisal"; the agony is there—let no one underrate the distress and confusion and humiliation which America has endured since the launching of the first Russian sputnik—but where is the reappraisal? There is little or no sign of it. This is not entirely due to Mr. Dulles' own character, its extreme rigidity of moral outlook combined with mental agility and a considerable degree of verbal trickiness. Its cause lies deeper.

World hegemony for the British was a casual affair, achieved by accident or absence of mind, and empirically or pragmatically sustained. To the American people it is a solemn, not particularly palatable, matter of choice; and in their maintenance of it they have been guided, these twelve years past, by the most elevated moral principles. Only thus can it seem to them a proper and logical extension of their own history. Self-defence and self-interest have been contributory, but largely unadmitted, factors; the majority of Americans have quite sincerely held that their country's international activities have been directed towards the benefit of the world as a whole, a crusade of good against evil, of the democratic (American) way of life against Communist dictatorship and colonialism, of civilised enlightenment against hunger, oppression, want and fear.

If the principal enemy—Communism—has been seen as totally evil, America's allies, in America's view, have not been wholly free from sin, for which they had to be reproved and held in check, and ultimately under American guidance and persuasion brought to an American-type state of grace. This consciousness of self-evident rectitude has been joined to a persistent and pitiful passion to be loved, even—or especially—by those whom it has been necessary, for their own benefit, to chastise. That the most frequent candidates for chastisement (mainly on account of the errors and depravities of colonialism) have been Britain and France has been, to put it mildly, a complicating factor in international relations. But it gave to the policy of containment a plausible ethical gloss, and made it possible for the United States to appeal, as Britain and France could not, to the uncommitted nations.

Containment was a repetition, over a much longer period and on a much larger scale, of the American attitude and American actions in the earlier phases of both world wars—moral superiority joined to didacticism and an unhappy sense of progressive commitment, which could only be justified to the national conscience by being presented as a moral effort to cleanse and redeem all concerned, friend and foe alike. Open and full involvement, in 1917 and again in December 1941 (on both occasions after America's allies had taken a savage mauling), released a huge tidal wave of physical energy and material capacity; but a moral aloofness, at once chilly and chilling, was retained and manifested itself in endless variations of the basic theme that America was doing all this not primarily for herself but for others.

Now the inter-continental ballistic missile has shattered that pathetic, protective illusion. The edifying fantasies of world-rescue and world-redemption have been harshly dissolved. America is flung back on the rough, bare wall of sheer self-interest. The rest of the free world has not been physically overwhelmed by the enemy; in the important matter of a direct attack at the heart and vitals of the United States, it has merely been by-passed. The classical military manœuvre has been performed: America has been outflanked. With this significant difference, however: the United States possesses the capacity for instantaneous, massive retaliation. This was a contingency which the outflankers' great *locus classicus*, the Schlieffen Plan, did not envisage.

But a Russian ICBM landing on target anywhere in the United States and the immediately consequent American massive retaliation would bring about, forthwith, a world holocaust. Therefore the great outflanking manœuvre is, in this sense, outflanked. There is a stalemate. This the Russians have appreciated, because they have always regarded their military offensive potential as supplementary to their moral onslaught. The Americans, however, have been perilously slow to react; conscious of having lost the military initiative, they are still floundering in a moral rout.

It is here that the personalities of Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles assume an almost tragic significance. They are two tired, bewildered old men who are far from well. It was an especially unkind American wit who once described Mr. Dulles as a crazy mixed-up corporation lawyer, but there is a harsh essential truth in the gibe. The President's attachment to him and reliance on him have done the United States little good. And the President himself lacks the capacity and the will to give that heroic personal leadership, at once resourceful and bold, which the times demand, which came naturally (in their profoundly different ways) to both Harry Truman and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

So American external policy remains, as it has been for months past, gingerly, evasive and fumbling, because leadership is absent. The ghost of the old sense of mission is still there, but it is feeble, foggy and sad. The State Department's official pronouncements, seldom renowned for lucidity and precision, become ever more sibylline and self-contradictory. Apart from the praiseworthy but consummately difficult intention, whether by a summit conference or any other means, of "easing international tension" (which simply means coming to terms with the Russians), there is confusion and stubborn reluctance to put American relations with Britain, the Commonwealth and Western Europe on a stable basis. Communication between Washington and London, Washington and Paris, Washington and Bonn, is constant on a multitude of levels; but communication, we have had to learn, does not imply mutual understanding. No two capitals in the world could be in closer, more frequent contact than Washington and Ottawa; yet it came to the American people as a very grave shock to realise that the dominating factor in the Conservatives' sweeping victory in Canada's recent Election was resentment against America.

The poorness of Canadian relations with the United States is symptomatic of the whole underlying malady. If the Americans get along so lamentably with their nearest neighbours, from whom they are separated only by that long, unguarded frontier, and hardly a barrier of culture or language, would they not be well advised to take a thorough, searching look at their relations with all their allies and associates? Throughout all the long clamour for summit talks I have always held that, as a preliminary, it is essential for the United States, whose assumption of world leadership is no longer backed by military paramountcy or moral authority, to reach a clear, unequivocal and realistic understanding with the rest of us. I am aware of no reason to change that conviction.

THE TWO MEN WHO CONTROL THE DESTINIES OF THE UNITED STATES : President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles confer together in the White House. American foreign policy, on which so much of the Free World depends for its future, is more idealistic in outlook than the empiricism of Britain and other European countries.

THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE BRUSSELS UNIVERSAL AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: King Baudouin is in Army uniform in the centre of the Royal group. On his right is his brother, Prince Albert, in naval uniform. On the left of King Baudouin are Princess de Rethy, with Princess Marie Christine in front of her, ex-King Leopold and Queen Elisabeth. Behind them fountains play below the giant Atomium. The King of the Belgians formally declared the Exhibition open in a speech in the Reception Hall. Then with other members of the Royal party he stood on the steps outside the auditorium and pressed a switch. This caused a vivid 10-ft.-high orange flame to shoot up in the centre of an artificial lake below. Immediately afterwards fountains started to play round the flame, which will remain alight throughout the six months of the Exhibition. Another feature of the opening was a salute from jet aircraft flying in a formation taking the shape of a crown and the letter "B."

Opening of Brussels Exhibition

The Inauguration by the King of the Belgians

CAVALCADE THROUGH THE GROUNDS: The Royal escort of cavalry rides along the Avenue du Congo. Spectators in the overhead cable cars had a bird's-eye view of this colourful start to the Exhibition in the capital of Belgium on Thursday last week.

THE KING DECLARES THE EXHIBITION OPEN: On his right is M. Van Acker, the Belgian Prime Minister, and on his left, M. Motz, Minister for Economic Affairs. In his speech the King emphasised that the purpose of the Exhibition is "collaboration and peace".

THE PATTERN OF THE BRUSSELS UNIVERSAL AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1958 : The dominating feature is the Atomium, the structure of nine spheres, which is intended to illustrate the orbits of electrons round a central nucleus. The topmost sphere is a restaurant. Across the foreground stretches the Belgian Folklore section, displaying various periods of architecture. In right background is the circular United States Pavilion with, immediately in front of it, the rectangular Soviet Pavilion and the square Canadian Pavilion.

BRUSSELS SHOWS THE WORLD

Variety of Styles in the Universal and International Exhibition

IN the first World Exhibition of the Atomic Age, which was opened last week in Brussels by the King of the Belgians, fifty nations and eight international organisations are participating. Pavilions and buildings stretch across 500 acres of Heysel Park, about five miles from the centre of the Belgian capital.

The centrepiece, or focal-point, is nuclear in theme, being a structure called the Atomium, which is 360 ft. high—almost the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London. It consists of nine vast spheres, each of them 66 ft. in diameter. Lifts convey visitors to the inside of the spheres where there are displays of the peaceful uses of atomic energy, except in the topmost one, which is a restaurant.

There is an enormous variety of styles in the national pavilions. Two which are attracting considerable attention are those of the United States and the Soviet Union. The circular American building has a circumference of nearly one-fifth of a mile. It includes a theatre with electronically-controlled lighting and seating

READY TO ESTABLISH A NEW WORLD RECORD : In left foreground is the helmet-shaped pavilion of the Philips Radio and Electronics Company. To its right is the Netherlands section. The large building across the centre is the City of Paris Pavilion. In the background, behind the viaduct road, the prominent buildings are, from left, the Canadian, Soviet and circular American Pavilions. The Exhibition, opened by the King of the Belgians last week, hopes to set up a new world record for exhibition attendance.

for 1,500. America's purpose is to emphasise culture much more than trade or politics. The nearby Soviet Pavilion stresses Russian mechanical progress.

Not all the sections were finished in time for the opening. The French skyscraper of metal and plastic is so ambitious in its design that it has given unexpected trouble to its architects and builders and may not be completed until early next month. However, in the British section everything was in order on the first day.

In contrast with certain other nations, Britain has not embarked upon a grandiose or expensive display. The Government Pavilion has cost only £400,000 to build, compared with an estimated £1,500,000 for the construction of the Soviet Union Pavilion. The other main feature of the British section is the British Industry Pavilion, which is probably the only non-Belgian Pavilion to be financed entirely by private enterprise.

In spite of their modest limits, the British exhibitors have much to show of Britain yesterday and to-day. For instance, in the Hall of Tradition are the banners of City Companies and a number of coloured slides depicting traditional aspects of the national life. To balance these is the Hall of Technology, which contains models of Zeta, the Jodrell Bank radio-telescope and the Dounreay atomic reactor.

The Brussels Universal and International Exhibition will remain open until October 19. It is expected to attract 35,000,000 visitors. This would be by far the highest total ever recorded for an international exhibition.

WONDERS IN THE "CITY OF THE FUTURE"

The Architectural Setting of the Brussels Exhibition is Twenty-five Years Ahead of its Time

INSIDE THE AMERICAN PAVILION: This symbolic design, which would appear to take the form of two mill-wheels, is one of the many unusual and exciting shapes at the Brussels Exhibition. It has been drawing large crowds since the opening last week by King Baudouin. Until October, Brussels is staging a display of national and international production and progress without precedent in the post-war years. In the British Government Pavilion original research in science and technology forms one of the themes of the display.

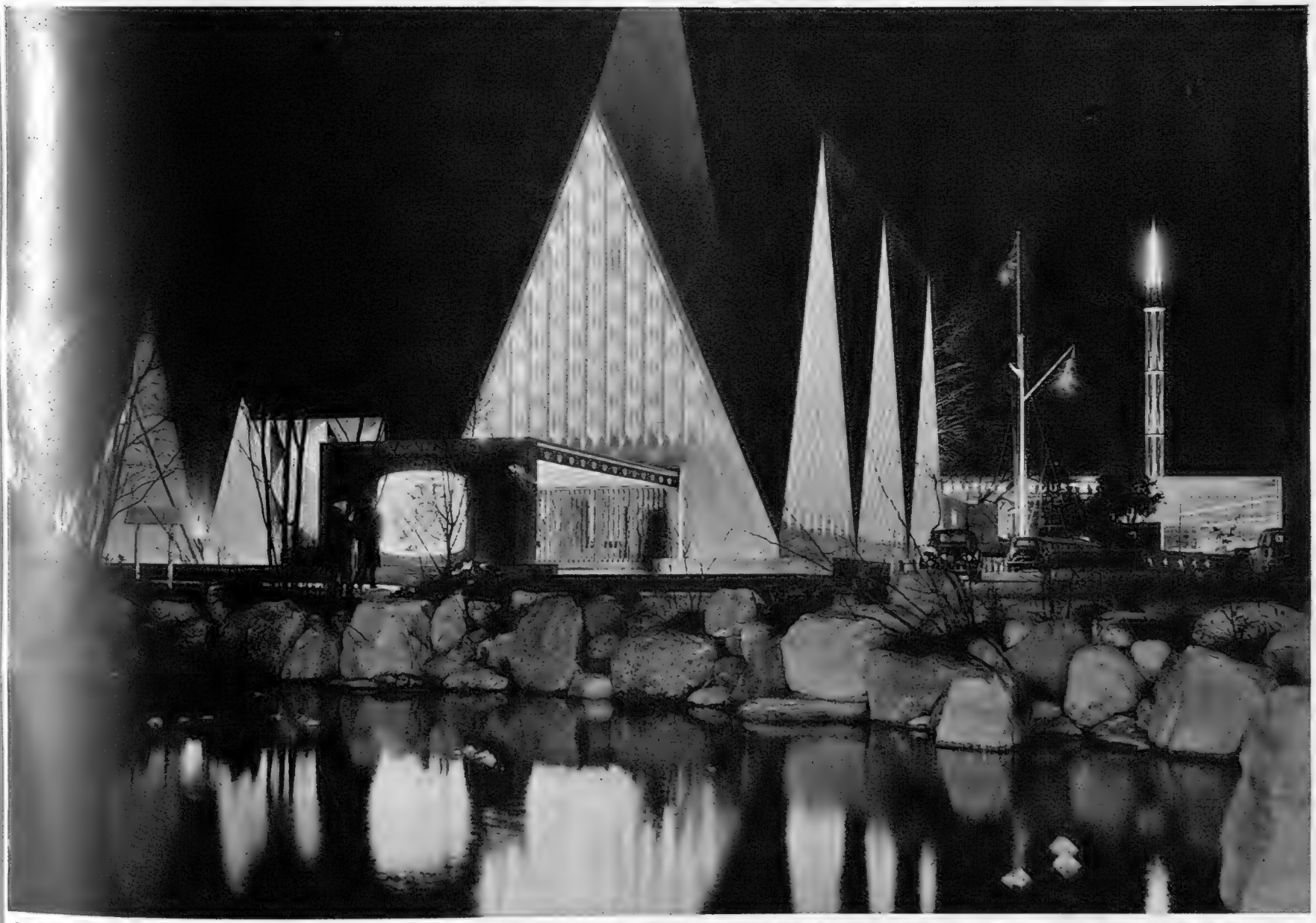
On left—

CENTREPIECE OF THE BRUSSELS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION: Passengers in the cable cars of the télérifique pass the Atomium during an overhead tour of the 500-acre site. From these cars, visitors look out over a wide panorama of the grounds. Of the Atomium's nine spheres five contain displays of nuclear equipment. Of the other four the uppermost is a restaurant.

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO UP: A view of the spectacular American Pavilion at night, with illuminated fountains playing in the foreground. The pavilion, of steel, plastic and bronze, is 80 ft. high, having a circumference of nearly one-fifth of a mile, on a six-acre site. Inside the building, beneath the open centre of the roof, is a large pool which adds to the spacious effect. The pavilion has been built within a circle of eleven willow trees which King Baudouin requested should not be disturbed in the park.

A COMPELLING DESIGN: An attractive structure in the Netherlands Pavilion is its carillon bell tower, which is reached by a spiral staircase.

WEIRD AND WONDERFUL: The Atomium at night. Technically, it represents the atomic structure of a crystal of iron magnified 150,000,000,000 times. The nine atoms of this crystal are represented by the aluminium spheres, which at night are lit up by revolving points of light to give the effect of electrons rotating round the nucleus of the atom.



AN ILLUMINATED PAVILION: The British Government Pavilion, a pyramidal structure which cost over £400,000, is brilliantly illuminated against the night sky. The British site at the Exhibition covers an area of five acres. One-third is occupied by the Government and the remainder by British industry organised by the Federation of British Industries through their subsidiary, British Overseas Fairs Ltd. In the "Hall of Technology" are models of Zeta, the Dounreay atomic reactor and the Jodrell Bank radio-telescope.

AT THE POINT-TO-POINT

Once, it was a Purely Domestic Affair for Members of the Hunt; Today, it is a Day Out for Anyone. It is also an Occasion for Mutual Admiration Between the Hunt and the Farmer

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

POINT-TO-POINT races originated, as did steeplechases, in rivalry between individuals. In every hunt there was someone who believed that he had a better horse than anyone else, and said so loudly and frequently: in every hunt there were plenty of people prepared to wager hard cash that he had not. So a stretch of country was chosen, and a number of men set out to get across it as quickly as possible by the shortest possible route.

The first such races were steeplechases; events which had no specific connection with foxhunting. The point-to-point meeting evolved from the steeplechase meeting as a means of giving the farmers and their friends a jolly day out at the end of the season, the whole expense of the day being borne by the Master and his subscribers. There was never a thought of profit.

If you are innocent enough to believe that this is still the case to-day, then I am afraid that I must disillusion you. No one promotes a point-to-point meeting to-day just to give the farmers and their friends a jolly day out at the end of the season. No one concerned with the promotion of a point-to-point meeting to-day is concerned with anything but making a profit: the bigger the profit, the better. No Master—certainly no hunt—could to-day afford to run a point-to-point meeting without profit. The point-to-point has, since the war, become a very large item in every hunt's income.

Because of this, the whole character of the point-to-point has altered in recent years. It used to be a race across country—a race with natural obstacles, the course flagged-out only a few days before the meeting itself: a purely domestic affair for members of the hunt. The "natural" course is a thing of the past. One of the rules says that no money may be taken at any gate, stand or enclosure, but allows a charge to be made for the parking of vehicles. The likelihood of a natural course being so situated that the vehicles of the spectators, to say nothing of the Totalisator and the bookmakers—and these are the things which provide the chief source of income—could get anywhere near it is altogether too remote to be worth consideration. So a course is provided close to suitable parking accommodation.

One of the rules says that the fences on this course should have "as natural a character as possible, no fence being strengthened more than is necessary." I cannot tell you what this means: it has no precise meaning. But I can assure you that I have not seen a really natural fence in the past five years. Point-to-point fences nowadays, it seems to me, try to look as much like steeplechase fences as they possibly can.

Indeed, the whole thing is getting pretty specialised. You notice this particularly as the season advances. Except in the farmers' races (and, perhaps, also the members' races) the horses look more and more like racehorses and less and less like week-by-week hunters. There is, of course, a rule which says, in effect, that only horses which have been regularly hunted may run in point-to-point races. I have not the slightest doubt that Masters do their best to enforce the rule strictly, but it must be very difficult to do so: there are some obvious loopholes and, no doubt, some that are not quite so obvious.

Be that as it may, one does get the impression that there are now point-to-point horses (as opposed to hunters); horses kept especially for the purpose. One gets the impression, too, that some of the riders do rather more race-riding than they do hunting. Oh, I do hope that I am not being unkind!

But, you know, I cannot help being struck by the betting at these affairs. At a local meeting recently, out of the five races run, three were won by hot favourites. Two started at 2 to 1 against, the third at 5 to 2 against. And this, mark you, over a course with obstacles! I should never have thought that you could judge form so accurately in the hunting-field. I suppose I have spent too much time looking at hounds.

However, the average spectator is not in the least interested in modern point-to-point trends. He is there for a day out, and, let there be no doubt about it, everyone has a wonderful time. This is not because they are interested in foxhunting, not even because they are interested in point-to-point racing—they are not: most of them are townsfolk, anyway—but just because it is a day out, a day with an opportunity for a "flutter," and a grand chance to stare at the local nibs. For it must be remembered that a large proportion of those who are not townsfolk out on a spree are there because it is socially "the thing to do."

A study of the card at the average point-to-point meeting would be sufficient to convince a foreigner that it was not the farmer but the soldier who is the life-blood of foxhunting. A glance at the list of officials will reveal an imposing array of Brigadiers, Lieutenant-Colonels and Majors. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that all had served in cavalry regiments.

It would be an even greater mistake to suppose that the military are the life-blood of foxhunting. Women and teenage girls are the life-blood of foxhunting. Without them, there would really be no fields at all: and no fields would mean, inevitably, no hunting. But the farmer is still the most important factor of all. Without his permission, his active or tacit support, foxhunting would cease forthwith. If the farmers closed their lands to the hunt, that would be the end of it all. Of course, the foxhunter knows this perfectly well, and at the point-to-point luncheon, the farmers' luncheon, before the racing begins, he does his utmost to show the farmers that he does.

At this luncheon it is customary for the Master to propose the toast to the farmers. The Master is rarely a good speaker—after all, he is (or should be) a man of action—but everyone who has heard a Master propose this toast will agree that every Master can give points to any politician. There can be no doubting his sincerity: he knows full well that it is the solid, poker-faced gentlemen arrayed before him who hold the whip-hand. Once upon a time—and it was not so long ago—Masters of Foxhounds were dictators; many of them noted for the colour and ferocity of their language. Nowadays, Masters are anxious to please, so the speech is a nicely-balanced mixture of fact and flattery.

The number of foxes killed during the season is given (fortunately for most hunts, nobody ever thinks of relating this figure to the number of hunting days) and the size of the fields that have attended meets is stressed. (Probably the only really big field was on Boxing Day, and everyone is well aware of this, but no one will comment.) And from big fields the Master will move on to the ticklish subject of damage, and, as quickly as possible, to the toast. It will go something like this: "It is inevitable when one tries to pilot a hundred people"—there were probably never more than thirty, except on Boxing Day—"across country that there are occasions when some damage is done. I am very sorry about this, and I do thank you all for your forbearance and for allowing us to continue to hunt." Shades of Hugo Meynell! Yet the strange thing is that the Master really is sincere. He may have got his figures wrong, but he does mean it: he really is grateful.

A farmer replies, of course. He will assure the Master that 95 per cent. of the farmers in the country love the hunt and have no intention of seeing it stopped. He will make no mention of damage, but he will almost certainly say something about foxhunting being the backbone of the country and the best school for initiative and leadership. Everyone present, except perhaps the Master, knows very well what this particular farmer has had to say about the hunt on a number of occasions during the past season; many will remember with pleasure the actual adjectives he used. Everyone present, except perhaps the Master, knows very well that every farmer in the marquee has expressed himself as picturesquely more than once in the past season, in every past season. But everyone says "Hear, hear!" loudly. And, strangely enough, they are all sincere, too.

If I had to show a foreigner aspects of the English genius at work, I should make a point of taking him to the farmers' luncheon at a point-to-point. He would get a good, if draughty, luncheon, and . . . but, no, I would not. The poor man would not understand. And could you blame him?

A DAY AT THE RACES: The judges on their improvised stand watch Mr. J. Lombard on Mr. J. E. Walker's Legend Lore win the open race for the Pegasus Club Challenge Cup at the Pegasus Club (Bar) and King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery's Point-to-Point races at Little Kimble, near Princes Risborough, Buckinghamshire. *On right*—A general view of the unsaddling enclosure at the Cambridgeshire Harriers Point-to-Point at Cottenham.

Christ on The Cross

A Figure for a New London Church and a Fresco in Italy

A SCULPTRESS PREPARES HER MATERIALS AND MODEL: Miss Rita Ling, a tutor at the Royal College of Art in London, shapes a huge baulk of oak in the grounds of the college. She will use the wood for a sculpture of Christ on the Cross in the new church of St. Ethelreda, in Fulham, in South-West London. The timber, which is at least 100 years old, was brought to London from Brighton, where it had been removed from the piers. *On left*—Miss Ling puts the finishing touches to the head of the model, composed of iron and plaster, for her wooden sculpture. The wooden Christ will be 12 ft. high and mounted on a 22-ft.-high cross. The new St. Ethelreda's will be consecrated on October 18. It replaces the church demolished as a result of serious war damage.

Below—

ANNIGONI AT WORK ON A FRESCO: In the two pictures the Italian artist is seen painting Christ on the Cross for a fresco in the village church of Castagno, in Tuscany. Unlike most churches in that Italian province rich in art, Castagno has never possessed a fresco. Pietro Annigoni, who has an international reputation for his portraiture—among them paintings of members of the British Royal Family—offered to remedy this defect.

RUGBY 1957-58
THE PAST SEASON

England Win the Championship; The French Revival Against Wales; The Australian Tourists and other Big Matches

By VIVIAN JENKINS

THE Rugby season draws to a close amidst its customary flurry of seven-a-sides, and one marvels at the energy and purpose still being displayed on all sides in spite of the effort expended in past months. It has been a long season, extended in impact on the scribe, at least, by the early arrival of the Australians in October. Since then we have seen England win the championship, for the second year in succession; Oxford beat a much more fancied Cambridge side in a memorable University match; Warwickshire become county champions for only the second time in their history; the R.A.F. head the inter-Services' table, in spite of a draw against the Army; and, besides all this, a plethora of good club Rugby, which seems to expand both in quantity and quality with each succeeding season.

The schools, too, are turning to the game in ever-increasing numbers, and altogether Rugby generally can be said to be in excellent shape and heart. Not that the standard of play at the highest level—namely, the International matches—has been all that might have been desired. The Australians themselves were the first to disappoint, and not merely because they lost so many of their matches. Their overall record in the British Isles—played 30, won 14, drawn 3, lost 13: points for 248, points against 203—was poor enough by comparison with the deeds of the great Dominions' sides of the past; but to have lost all four of their International matches, as well as coming their biggest cropper of all, by 19 points to nil, against France in Paris, was a new low-water mark of its kind. Regrettably, too, they rarely served up the kind of open and attractive Rugby one had been led to expect from their adherence to the no-kick-to-touch rule at home.

The Australians ploughed their way through one dour struggle after another, lightened only by two hints of what might have been—in their first match against the Southern Counties at Hove, and their last, against the Barbarians at Cardiff. Otherwise it was mostly stodge and plodge, with some unhappy incidents at Twickenham and elsewhere adding no lustre to their name. It was a pity, because individually players like Curley, at full-back, Summons, at fly-half, and Emanuel in the pack had much to contribute. As a team, however, the Wallabies will be remembered more for their likeable qualities off the field than their prowess on it.

Meanwhile, we had been regaled with a University match which was something of a connoisseur's dish; caviare to the general describes it better, perhaps, because the brilliant back play expected from Cambridge did not materialise, and not everyone was pleased; but the way in which a hard-scrummaging Oxford pack, plus a rampaging back-row defence, neutralised the threat of what was thought to be the best back division at either University since the '30's was a study in applied planning. For P. D. G. Robbins, the Oxford captain, it was a personal, as well as tactical triumph, for it still needed a supreme executant to bring the plan to fruition. It will be remembered as his match, and Oxford's victory, by 3—nil, will always be coupled with his own part in it.

THE CALCUTTA CUP: In the match between England and Scotland, J. D. Currie, an England forward, breaks from a loose scrum with R. E. G. Jeeps (extreme left), the scrum half, and A. Ashcroft (behind) from the English pack in support. In a 3—3 draw, England had difficulty in retaining the Cup. Scotland were forced to play without their captain, A. R. Smith.

So to the home International matches, and here, all through, expectation was never quite capped by realisation. England, on paper, had one of the best attacking back divisions for years, and two wings in Jackson and Thompson whose talents screamed out for a plentiful and continuous supply of the ball. Somehow, except against a depleted France in Paris, that never materialised, even though R. M. Bartlett, the supreme provider, had been brought back at fly-half for that specific purpose.

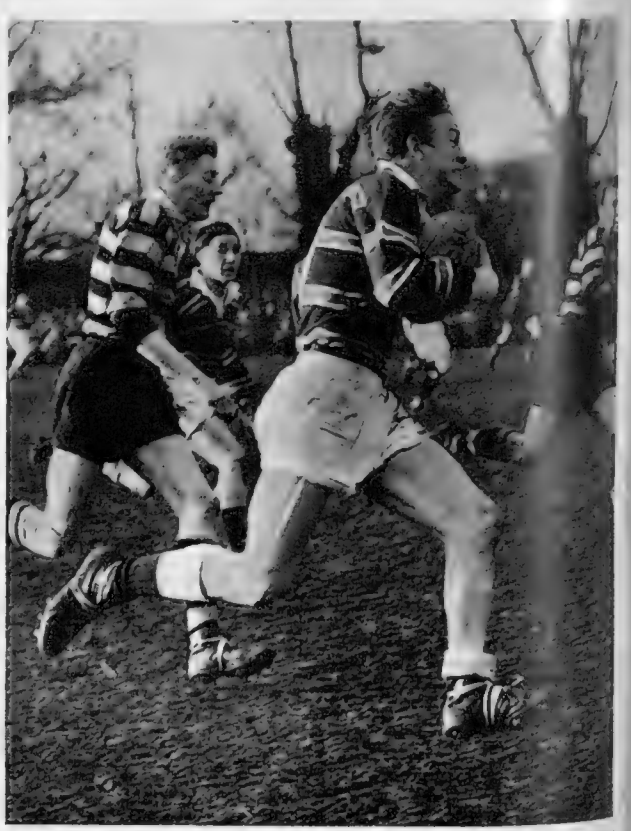
Something went wrong in midfield, and we were never again to see the kind of play which made the last ten minutes of the match against Australia at Twickenham the outstanding single memory of the season. England's fight back from 6—3 down, with Horrocks-Taylor off the field and a limping Butterfield at fly-half, and Jackson's last-minute match-winning try, and the roar which greeted it, will not soon be forgotten. There was more behind it than just the winning of the match, because the crowd's temper had been roused to a rare pitch by what had gone before. Nemesis, in a sense, had intervened, and was duly applauded.

In the ensuing matches England's back play became a thing of fits and starts, until against Scotland in the Calcutta Cup match it very nearly petered out. Again I except the match against France, where Thompson got two tries and Jackson a glorious one covering 75 yards; but France were injury bedevilled with three full-backs, two of them hobblers, at one time doing duty and forwards operating at scrum-half and on the wing.

Later a reconstituted France, with seven players brought in from the formidable Lourdes team, were to show that this form was all wrong, and emerge, with typical perversity, as the team of the season.

For all that, England are champions, and credit must be apportioned where credit is due. First to a magnificent defence, which conceded only two penalty goals in the four championship matches, and has now had its line crossed only once in two seasons. Where all must have done their part, Ashcroft and Robbins, in particular, have come to the rescue time and again with their covering tackling, appearing from the blue just when the opposition seemed to have broken through at last. Eric Evans, too, deserves a wholesome tribute for his captaincy. Now that his reign has probably come to an end, it is timely to record that in thirteen matches under his leadership England has lost only twice, and not once in the past two seasons; facts which speak for themselves. His players, I know, hold him in the highest regard, and no one has done more than he to foster the team-spirit aimed at by Mr. Catcheside and his fellow-selectors.

THE VARSITY MATCH: S. C. Coles, the Oxford scrum half (centre, right), in the dark blue shirt, passes to his captain, P. G. D. Robbins, on the right, as Oxford press hard on the Cambridge line at Twickenham. Oxford won 3—nil. Their back row forwards, magnificently led by Robbins, blotted out the fancied Cambridge three-quarters.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS SEVENS: Malcolm Smith, Llanelly Grammar School, starts on his 70-yard run for the winning try against the Royal Belfast Academical Institute. Llanelly won 11—8.

ENGLAND WIN EASILY AGAINST FRANCE: *Above, left*—P. B. Jackson, the England wing three-quarter, tackles M. Celaya, the French second row forward, during a French attack at Colombes, in Paris. *Above*—R. E. G. Jeeps passes from the base of the scrum. England won easily by 14—nil.

THE FRENCH REVIVAL AT CARDIFF ARMS PARK: The Welsh forwards pass the ball back from a line out—an incident during the match in which France triumphed by 16—6. This was the first time that France had beaten Wales at Cardiff.

THE INTER-SERVICES CHAMPIONSHIP: Cpl. B. Saville (Army) makes a fine recovery from a tackle by L.A.C. F. Carlton (R.A.F.). The result of the match, played at Twickenham, was a draw 3—3. The R.A.F. became Inter-Services Champions.

THE HOSPITALS CUP FINAL: Forwards collapse in a pile of inextricably mixed limbs in the match at the Richmond Athletic Ground. St. Thomas's won the Cup for the fourteenth time, beating Guy's by 6—3. Beforehand there was the usual battle between supporters of the two teams.

Having said as much, there is little doubt that we shall see several new faces in the England jersey next winter. Not as many, perhaps, as is being forecast in some quarters, for several of the so-called "has-beens" are still barely emerging from the undergraduate stage; but changes there will have to be, to re-introduce the freshness and vigour that even the best stock needs from time to time.

Wales are in much the same boat, for with Cliff Morgan talking of retiring, Ken Jones finally departed, and players like R. C. C. Thomas, Malcolm Thomas and others reaching the end of an ever-lengthening tether, the way is open for an influx of new talent. Apart from Morgan, the strong men this season have been the impeccable T. E. Davies, at full-back, and a pack of forwards who seemed second to none until they came up against a storming French eight at Cardiff Arms Park. By then, too, they may have been suffering from staleness, and paying the penalty for the spate of early-season matches now over-indulged in by so many leading players in the cause of friendship and charity.

Whatever the reason, the outcome was cataclysmic, and Wales's championship hopes disappeared in a torrent of French exuberance. This 16—6 win by France, indeed, was the performance of the season, coming, as it did, on top of their 19—nil win over Australia in Paris, and made the howling and execration by the French crowd against their selectors at Colombes on the occasion of the English match a little more explicable, if hardly less culpable, than it had seemed at the time. With this team, from the beginning, they might have accomplished anything.

For Scotland the season did little more than preserve the *status quo*. They still have the forwards, who, incidentally, gave the England pack all they wanted, and more, in the Calcutta Cup match, and Weatherstone and A. R. Smith, on the wings, who would grace any International side. At full-back, too, first Chisholm, then K. J. F. Scotland, did all that was required of them, but there is still the lack of a really top class pair of centres.

Docherty and Stevenson improved with every match, but good and top-class are a world apart in this connection. The chief net gain as far as Scotland were concerned was the emergence of Waddell as a fly-half of ever-increasing maturity. Before he has done, one feels, he may bring his country to the top again.

Ireland, having dispensed with J. W. Kyle at last, not before he had broken all records for appearances in International matches, still contrived to look a first-rate attacking force behind the scrum. Had their forwards reached the same heights, they, too, might have registered more victories. As it was, they gave England a rare fright in the closing stages of a rain-spoiled match at Twickenham, and with O'Reilly still only twenty-one and M. A. English, a promising-looking successor to Kyle, making his appearance, the omens look set fair for the future. Young D. Hewitt, of a famous sporting family, was another acquisition, in the centre. All in all, though, the International season was something of a disappointment, with only France, too late, producing the kind of Rugby everyone hopes to see, but so rarely does.

On lesser fronts we had a stirring County Championship final, with the Warwickshire forwards proving too tough even for the hardy Cornishmen. For all that, Coventry is not likely to forget its invasion by the latters' supporters, of whom many thousands made the long journey from the West Country. Such enthusiasm is its own evidence of the spirit prevailing in the Duchy of Cornwall.

Among the clubs none have done better than Headingley, in the north, who were for a long time unbeaten. Elsewhere Coventry in the Midlands, London Irish of the Metropolitan clubs, Devonport Services, Redruth and Barnstaple in the west, and Cardiff, as ever, in Wales, have as good records as any. Now we still have the Barbarians' tour in South Africa to look forward to, and the *ballon d'essai* which will be sent up on the new laws. Next season they come into force here, and then, no doubt, the tongue-wagging will begin in earnest !

"My Fair Lady" in Rehearsal

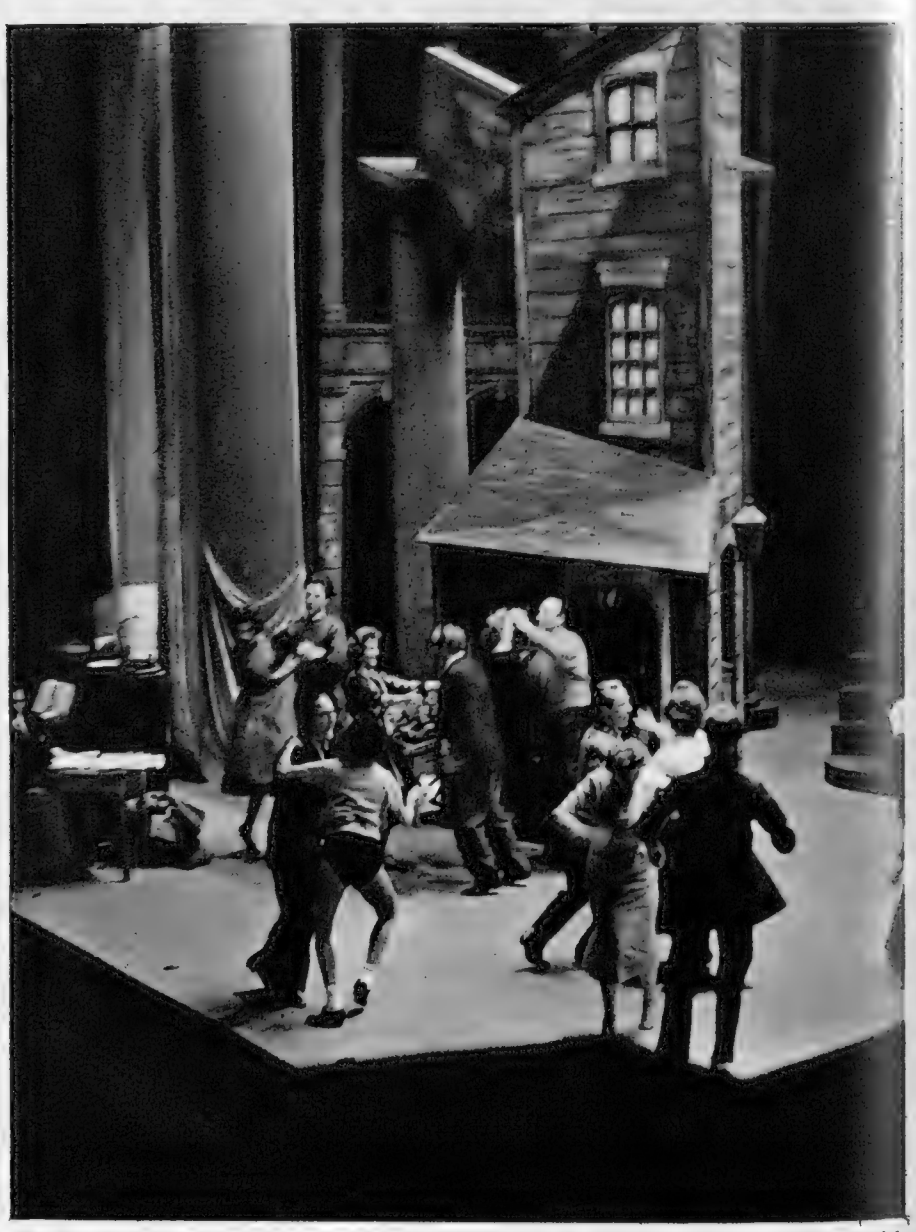
This Musical Version of Shaw's "Pygmalion" Prepares for its Opening at Drury Lane

ON STAGE AT DRURY LANE: Julie Andrews (sitting), who plays Eliza Doolittle, rehearses in her part of the cockney flower-seller, with Rex Harrison as Professor Higgins (right), Robert Coote (Colonel Pickering), and Betty Woolfe.

IN THE NEW YORK PRODUCTION: Rex Harrison, as the gentleman bachelor and professor of phonetics, stands on sofa to the consternation of his friend, Colonel Pickering (Robert Coote). The original sets were by Oliver Smith and the costumes by Cecil Beaton.

A LESSON IN HOW TO SIT: The director of *My Fair Lady*, Moss Hart (right), rehearses Julie Andrews on the stage at Drury Lane. Robert Coote and Betty Woolfe look on. Mr. Hart also directed the Broadway version of *Pygmalion*.

After its fabulous success in America, *My Fair Lady* will open at the Drury Lane Theatre in London on next Wednesday (April 30). Already tickets have been sold for the production until well into 1959. The stars of the Broadway version of Shaw's *Pygmalion*, Julie Andrews, Rex Harrison and Stanley Holloway, have returned to this country to appear at Drury Lane, although the play, with Sally Ann Howes as Eliza, is still running in New York. The story of the musical version remains close to the original play, except that a happy, romantic ending has been provided. This would have infuriated Shaw, for he added a long addendum to *Pygmalion*, saying that for the heroine of a romance to marry the hero was "unbearable." He created the part of Eliza for his friend Mrs. Patrick Campbell in 1914. Although there has been much secrecy regarding the rehearsals at Drury Lane, it is known that Cecil Beaton has designed several new costumes, especially black and white dresses for the scene at Ascot. These are said to be inspired by the "Black Ascot" which followed the death of King Edward VII.



"A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK": Stanley Holloway (centre, left) as Eliza's father rehearses with his partner the dance which accompanies this hit-song from the highly successful play. The music was composed by Frederick Loewe and the "book" is by Alan Jay Lerner.

ROYAL OCCASIONS

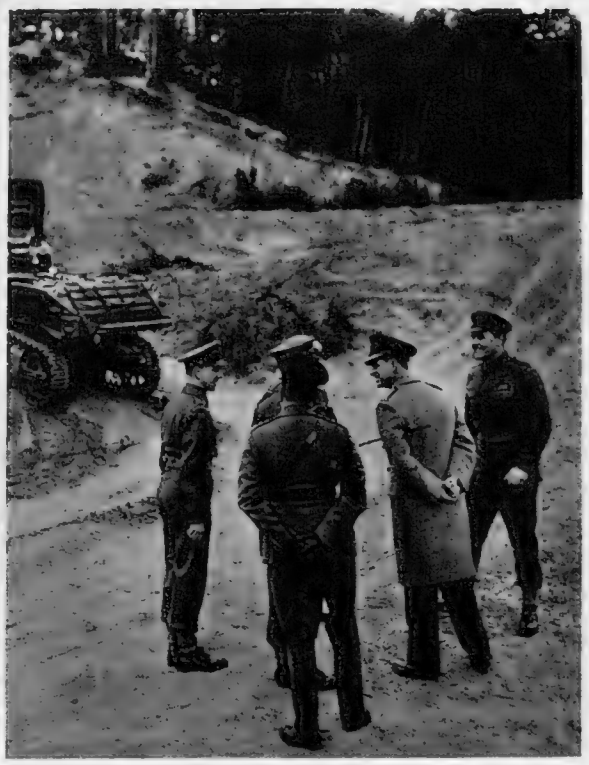
The Queen Meets Dr. Adenauer; Princess Margaret in the Potteries; and The Duke of Edinburgh with the Welsh Guards

On right—

THE FEDERAL GERMAN CHANCELLOR IN ENGLAND: Dr. Konrad Adenauer is seen with the Queen at Windsor Castle during the dinner party given by Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Chancellor, accompanied by Professor Erhard, the Vice-Chancellor and Minister for Economic Affairs, and Herr von Brentano, the Foreign Minister, had arrived in this country for a four-day official visit. He was met at Northolt Airport by the Prime Minister and during his stay he had talks with Mr. Macmillan at Downing Street, and with the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. Dr. Adenauer also visited Westminster Abbey and laid a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior. Also present at the dinner at Windsor were the Queen Mother, the Premier and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, Mr. Butler and Mr. and Mrs. Gaitskell.

PRINCESS MARGARET VISITS THE POTTERIES: Her Royal Highness arrives at the Town Hall at Hanley, in Staffordshire, to attend a concert of choral music given by the Stoke-on-Trent Ceramic City Choir and the London Symphony Orchestra. During the course of the day the Princess had visited two potteries in Stoke-on-Trent, and attended a luncheon given by the British Pottery Manufacturers' Federation. Last Saturday the Princess left London Airport for her visit to the West Indies. As the Queen's special representative she attended last Tuesday the first meeting of the Federal Legislature of the West Indies. She is expected to return to Britain on May 7.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TRAVELS BY HELICOPTER: He receives his cap and cane after alighting from the Royal Navy helicopter on the parade ground at Pirbright Camp, in Surrey. He had arrived at the camp to inspect the 1st Battalion Welsh Guards. The Duke, who is Colonel of the Welsh Guards, watched training in progress, presented long service and good conduct medals, and toured the dining-room and the Sergeants' Mess.



On left—

TOURING THE TRAINING AREA: The Duke (wearing greatcoat) talks with a group of officers during the exercise. They watched the recovery of a vehicle in a transport section exercise. The Duke also saw a rifle company with a support company carry out a river crossing with limited equipment.

The Sphere of Travel

1958—BELGIUM'S YEAR

The Brussels Exhibition will Attract Millions of Visitors; Some Advice on Where to Stay and What to See in and Around the Belgian Capital

By GORDON COOPER

BETWEEN the wars Belgium was one of the most popular of holiday lands abroad with Britons. Changing tastes have during the last few years resulted in a lessened flow of visitors, but the Brussels Exhibition this summer should result in added appeal for what is perhaps the most interesting small country in Europe.

Belgium has almost everything a traveller can desire: a superb coastline, 40 miles in length, studded with attractive resorts and excellent sands for bathing; an alluring hinterland in the Ardennes, which Wordsworth called a "fertile region, green with woods and fresh with rivers"; and, perhaps most outstanding of all, its glorious art cities and towns.

In the 500-acre grounds of the Exhibition (5 miles from the centre of Brussels), fifty nations and eight international organisations have united to produce the first world exhibition of the Atomic Age. In addition to the various sections, there is a grand list of festivities and special events, including musical, theatrical and cinema galas and a wide range of sporting competitions and folklore displays.

With an anticipated influx of 35,000,000 visitors into Brussels, the city's hotel accommodation will obviously be strained to its utmost, but to cope with this a special body has been established, known as LOGEXPO (35, rue Belliard), which will see that every visitor gets a bed. In addition, several British travel agents have made their own arrangements, usually including a visit to the Exhibition with a sight-seeing tour elsewhere in Belgium. Yet another suggestion for those who wish to explore the Exhibition in a leisurely manner, is to make one's headquarters in some nearby town, such as Louvain, Antwerp, Malines or Ghent. All these places are linked with the capital by frequent train and bus services.

Apart from the Exhibition, Brussels is a city of many delights, even though its *official* liquor laws seem rather strange at times. There is, for instance, surely no more lovely square in Europe than its historic Grand' Place, with its perfectly-proportioned Town Hall, whose spire is a miracle of slender grace, and its various guild houses, lovingly preserved.

A stone's-throw from this square, in the narrow rue des Harengs, is the rather inconspicuous Restaurant L'Epaule de Mouton, a veritable temple of gastronomy, where you can eat as well as anywhere in Europe. But you had better book in advance for a meal, for this tiny establishment has only seven tables. The speciality here is the Chantraine sauce (secret base, brandy, cream and meat jelly), which is used on most fowl dishes.

At the other end of the scale, the best place for those with modest purses is undoubtedly the Sarma Restaurant, housed in a large department store, while in a higher and more comfortable category there are Concordia (near the Bourse) and the Rôtisserie Ardennaise (in the Boulevard Adolf Max—Max was the city's heroic Burgomaster during the First World War). You might even like to try the Mafuta, where they serve Congo food in its various forms.

For entertainment after dinner, I think you will find that the night spots are generally big and brassy and on the expensive side. The Bœuf sur le Toit has probably the best floor show. At the far cheaper Ancienne Belgique you get a more typical atmosphere, sitting at long tables drinking beer, while on the stage there is an excellent variety show. I also like the Café Au Coq de Jemappe, for this was the headquarters during the war of those Belgian agents who looked after our airmen trying to escape back to England, and also of the parachutists sent out from this country to carry on resistance work. A little, interesting museum is installed inside this café, which lies in the rue des Harengs. The symbol of the establishment is a cock, which served in the war as a sign, according to the direction it faced, of danger or safety, to enter.

For those travellers without their own cars I suggest that short-period season tickets on the Belgian Railways are a good investment. These runabout tickets are issued for periods of 5, 10 and 15 days, and they are obtainable from any railway station in the country, also from the principal travel agents in Britain. With such a ticket, you can roam freely on the whole network. As distances are generally short and the trains fast you could visit all the more important art cities from any base.

While Brussels is certainly the best centre, you might, in view of the possible congestion in the capital, prefer to stay in Ghent or Antwerp, even perhaps Bruges—the most romantic of all the Flemish towns. To me, this attractive city, with its many spires and towers, offers unceasing delight, and to wander through its streets, lined with ancient buildings and sleepy canals, is an experience of which I never tire. I cannot think of any other city in Europe which contains more enchanting corners.

St. John's Hospital and its Memlinc Museum, the lovely Béguinage, the adjoining famous Lac d'Amour, or Minnewater—a draught of its water drunk on the eve of St. Anthony's Day is said to make a man irresistible to his beloved—the Church of Notre Dame, whose greatest treasure is the exquisite statue of "Madonna and Child," by Michelangelo, and the rewarding Municipal Art Gallery, with many fine Flemish pictures, all provide that kind of pleasure to which the intelligent traveller can return again and again without any feeling of satiation. When, after dark, the centre of Bruges is cleverly floodlit, the impression is of being in a fairyland. But it is a fairyland where one should be comfortably shod for the cobbled streets are exacting on one's feet.

While Ghent may not have quite the picture-postcard appeal of Bruges, yet it too has some wonderful sights. Stand, for instance, on its St. Michael's Bridge and you will see to your left the lovely medieval houses of the Quai aux Herbes, with a peep of that amazing stronghold, the Castle of the Counts, beyond; while straight in front of you is the most glorious "tower-view" in Europe. When floodlit at night, the whole scene is a fantastic display of medieval architectural beauty. It is also interesting to call to mind that in the thirteenth century Ghent was a larger city than Paris, and at one time had 80,000 men capable of bearing arms.

Every visitor to Ghent will want to see that masterpiece of the Flemish school of painting in the Cathedral of St. Bavon, "The Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb," by the van Eyck brothers. Less well-known are the nearby begonia fields, where millions of these cultivated flowers are seen at their best in July and August. Unlike the rigid layout of the Dutch flower-fields, these are much smaller and more irregular, thus offering a more natural and, I think, a more attractive setting. If you would lodge (comfortably) in an hotel with the longest continuous history in Europe, I can commend the Hotel de la Cour Saint-Georges, which dates back to 1228. It is

THE TOWERS OF GHENT: Looking from St. Michael's Bridge the towers in the background are, from the left, the Church of St. Nicholas, the belfry and the Cathedral of St. Bavon. The Cathedral has among its treasures the "Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb," by the van Eyck brothers. Ghent is within easy reach of Brussels.

NEW HOTELS AND SPORTING HOLIDAYS

Three new hotels have been built in West Berlin. The first was opened in the middle of April. Situated in the Kurfürstenstrasse, the Hotel Berlin has 264 rooms, each equipped with bath or shower. The others, the Berlin Hilton and the Hotel Kempinski, will be ready in the late autumn.

An enormous hotel, one of the largest in the British Commonwealth, has just been opened in Montreal. The Queen Elizabeth contains 1,216 rooms and accommodates 3,000 people for meals.

Hotels at a number of French seaside and mountain resorts, including Bandol, La Baule, Biarritz, Dinard, St. Raphael, St. Tropez, Aix-les-Bains, Annecy and Evian-les-Bains, have decided to offer a reduction of from 20 to 40 per cent. for holidays taken in May, June, September or October.

From May 1 this year B.E.A. have decided to introduce first-class services to Geneva and Zürich as well as to Copenhagen, Stockholm, Paris and Nice. For the business-man wishing to work en route this will be a real attraction.

Pony-trekking, which has become increasingly popular in recent years, has now spread to the Continent. Last year there was an experiment at

BRUSSELS BY FLOODLIGHTS: The slender spire of the Town Hall rises above the many other fine and ancient buildings surrounding it. Throughout the months of its Exhibition the Belgian capital will be floodlit after dark. Visitors will find much else to delight them in Brussels.

THE MOST ROMANTIC OF FLEMISH TOWNS: The buildings of the Quai du Rosaire, in Bruges, are reflected in the canal, which is typical of the many waterways winding through the town. Behind is the Belfry, above the Markets.

reasonably priced, and its cuisine is good (especially its typical Flemish dishes, such as *Waterzoeie de poulet*).

Third of the three great art cities of Belgium is Antwerp, where the Cathedral and the various important museums provide enjoyment for at least a couple of days. The Royal Gallery is certainly the greatest art collection in Belgium, and one of the most outstanding in Europe, with Rubens as its particular star; but there are many other great names here, and the effect on the art-lover is almost overwhelming. The Plantin-Moretus Museum is also a most fascinating place, for this nursery of the art of printing is unique of its kind. I like, too, the Mayer van den Bergh Museum, which houses one of the finest art collections ever made in the Netherlands.

Not far distant from Antwerp is Lierre, the perfect Flemish town. With its slim belfry, its exquisite collegiate church, its Arcadian béguinage, and the bewildering meanderings of its two little rivers, this little-known town is one that no visitor to Belgium should miss. It is very peaceful—and very delectable.

From Lierre, Malines is within easy reach. Here stands the lofty tower of St. Rombaud, a prominent landmark, rather like the Boston "Stump" in Lincolnshire. There are other pleasant buildings in this town, but the most exciting experience comes from the carillon performances, which are an outstanding musical event. This city is, indeed, the nursery of carillonism and it possesses the only carillon school in the world. Again, as in Bruges, I must warn you that the cobbled streets of this town make exhausting strolling. For a meal or a lodging I recommend the historic Hotel Aux Trois Chevaux (De Drie Paardekens in Flemish), close to the Cathedral.

It is impossible in this brief survey to mention all the minor art towns of Belgium. Louvain, Oudenarde and Tournai would all be included in my own short list. But there are many others, sufficient to indicate the outstanding artistic importance of this country.

Turning to the hinterland of Belgium, the Ardennes will provide a quiet loveliness which will especially appeal to those seeking a restful holiday. Along the winding rivers, such as the Semois, Ourthe, Amblève and Lesse, there are several attractive villages which will delight the angler and the walker. Of the small resorts, Laroche and Bouillon are two I can recommend. While if you would wish to be amid a forest area there is St. Hubert, which has three or four comfortable hotels. There are also single hotels and inns dotted elsewhere in the forest, and for those who like it there is good shooting, including wild boar.

Finally, a brief mention of the Belgian sea-coast where resort links up with resort along its whole length. Knocke and La Panne are constant favourites with the British, and are well organised for entertainments. From the former you are within easy reach of Bruges, while the curiously interesting medieval town of Furnes is only half an hour distant from La Panne. Incidentally, these seaside resorts are especially attractive for family holidays, with Wenduyne-sur-Mer and Breedene as special recommendations. Both places lie close to Ostend, so are easily reached.

SOME PRACTICAL INFORMATION.—For further information, apply to the Belgian Tourist Office, 167, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Several travel agents, including Lunn's, are providing Belgian holidays, with visits to the Exhibition.

LOGEXPO (35, rue Belliard, Brussels) is a specially-created organisation to deal with accommodation for visitors to the Exhibition.

A Motel, with accommodation for 4,000 persons, has been built close to the Exhibition grounds; and there is a camping site, also in the immediate neighbourhood, which will accommodate 17,000 people.

Access

By sea: from Dover to Ostend (daily services). A new steamer is coming into operation this summer.

By air: direct air services between London and Brussels (B.E.A. and Sabena). There is a car air-ferry operated by Air Charter between Southend and Ostend—it also takes individual passengers; other services include those offered by Eagle Airways and by Silver City Air Ferry (Lydd-Ostend) and B.K.S. (Newcastle-Ostend and Leeds/Bradford-Ostend).

THE OMMEGANG IN 1958.—The Ommegang—the word means "Walk-around"—is a re-creation of a famous medieval pageant, and most of the events take place in the unique setting of the Grand' Place, Brussels. As a really stirring spectacle it seems to me to be comparable only with Siena's *Il Palio*, though without the concluding horse race.

This Season's Events are:

June 19 at 9 p.m.: Grand' Place, Brussels. Game of chess with living pieces (in fifteenth-century costume).
July 13: Grand Parade of the Brussels Ommegang.
August: Reconstruction of the Joyful Entry of Charles Quint into Louvain in 1515. (Date to be fixed later.)
August: Festival of Chivalry at the Boitsfort Racecourse. Reconstitution of a Tournament and the return of the Hunt from Soignes in 1544. (The date is not yet fixed.)

Seats can be booked and entrance tickets purchased at the Secretariat of the Society of the Ommegang, 46, rue de Flandre, Brussels.

Château d'Oex, in Switzerland. Now, in the heart of the Alpilles, those delightful hills in Provence, pony-trekking has started in the village of Eygalières, 16 miles from Avignon and within an easy ride of Les Baux and St. Remy. Horses can be hired by the day or the hour. Reasonable accommodation is available nearby.

Seven sailing centres in Scotland this summer will teach beginners how to handle small yachts and dinghies. For those who prefer larger craft, opportunities are available to join a cruising yacht for expeditions on the west coast. The Scottish Council of Physical Recreation hopes to cater for nearly 2,000 trainee yachtsmen at prices ranging from £7 a week in a youth hostel to £17, staying at a first-class hotel.

Among some educational holidays in Norway which have been arranged is an angling trip. After seeing the sights the party stays at a Nysetter chalet, fishing for trout in numerous lakes and rivers. The cost is only £26, apart from the fare to Oslo.

A further car-sleeper train is being run from June 1 to August 31 from Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham, to Stirling. This train will have accommodation for twenty cars and eighty-four passengers in second-class sleeping berths. Departures will be at 9.35 p.m. for Sundays and Wednesdays and return services will be on Mondays and Thursdays.

W. D. C. C.

HOLIDAYS IN ITALY

A new information service is available for those planning to go to Italy. The Ufficio Informazioni (Information Office) has been opened with its headquarters at 1, Piazza Bertarelli, Milan. Its purpose is to supply full and free assistance to anyone planning to travel from abroad to any part of Italy, and its lists include reliable hotels and boarding-houses in all the Italian holiday and health resorts.

Anyone wishing to make use of this information service is invited to write to the Head Office, stating what part of the country they wish to visit and their other holiday requirements. The Information Office hopes to make holidays as pleasant as possible in Italy.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

BRITISH INDUSTRY AT BRUSSELS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

NOTHING was more predictable about the Brussels Exhibition than that it wouldn't, when last week finally arrived, be quite complete for the official opening: international exhibitions never quite are. Few other kinds of construction project are so ripe for the last-minute "lightning strike": no other kind is beset with so many managers, responsible to such remote foreign principals, and dependent upon deliveries of key items from so far away. This is the largest international exhibition ever held—it covers 500 acres at Laeken, on the outskirts of Brussels, and is costing quite £100,000,000. To anyone who strays into the hectic last few weeks of preparation of such a massive and complex show, the margin of error represented by delays here and there, with some pavilions not quite ready for opening day, is in no way surprising. It seems remarkable that the whole thing ever gets organised at all.

Organising it, for a vast fair such as Brussels, is finally a responsibility at Government level. The Belgian Ministry of Public Works and Reconstruction settled the broad plans for the exhibition—incidentally fitting the new network of boulevards, tunnels and viaducts constructed to give access to the exhibition site into the permanent road requirements of the whole city. For practically all of the fifty nations that accepted its invitation to take part four years ago, design and construction of the national exhibit, and assembly of the illustrations of national prowess to be displayed there, have also been a national responsibility, with the Government footing the whole bill and having the final say.

Britain's contribution, however, takes a different pattern. Its exhibits are co-ordinated and planned as a whole. But the Government has been directly responsible—and has paid—only for the three-spired Hall of Tradition and the Hall of Technology which, with their courtyards and gardens, occupy about a third of the 5 acres allotted to Britain. It leant over backwards from any "subsidy" to British industry's display of its wares. So the 60,000 square feet of industrial exhibition in the British industrial pavilion has been organised by British Overseas Fairs Ltd., a subsidiary company of the Federation of British Industries, and the exhibits within it have been designed, installed and paid for by the industries and separate companies taking part. Participation at Brussels is costing the Government roughly £400,000: industry is paying probably £2,000,000 to £2,500,000.

However and by whomsoever organised, execution of these exhibits comes down to the same kind of people in every country—exhibition designers and contractors. A large-scale exhibition such as Brussels, where whole pavilions have to be built, brings in major building contractors. Each of the main buildings on the British site is on a different contract, but all were entrusted to one firm, Richard Costain Ltd. (and carried out in association with a Belgian firm, Entreprises Blaton-Aubert). This is, however, a very different kind of building from the massive civil engineering contracts that a company such as Costains generally handle.

Exhibition buildings are, in the first place, adventurous in design and use of materials. They have to be built quickly and built, moreover, not to last: one of the conditions at Brussels is that six months after the exhibition closes on October 19 the site must be returned to its former state as parkland. The more prefabrication that can be employed in their construction, the better: Costains made the twenty-four triangular panels of laminated timber framing and stressed plywood which fit together into the three spires of the "Hall of Tradition" at Rainham, in Essex, and shipped them to Brussels by coaster and special road transport. The Hall of Technology, a low, wide building with no internal supporting columns, incorporates a special framing of tubular steel known as "a space deck," which was fitted together on the ground before hoisting by a mobile crane. This is a new proprietary form of construction, of which the units are hired for the occasion and returned after dismantling.

The industrial pavilion is a vast building supported on only six "mushroom" columns which take the whole weight of the roof: its walls of glass carry no load, forming merely a transparent curtain. The structural steelwork for the pavilion was fabricated in Feltham, Middlesex, cut into lengths of up to 35 ft. for shipment, and re-welded into position on the site. About 33,000 square feet of plate glass, cut to size for fixing in place, came from St. Helens, in Lancashire.

With the main buildings structurally complete by the end of October, and in the hands of the finishing trades, the emphasis of construction passed to the display contractors. Exhibition is their business; in all senses. Many British exhibition and display contractors can handle anything from running a complete trade fair for an industry down to window display or "point of sale" display material for the showroom or retail store.

This kind of display is a rather complex form of art plus organisation, a three-dimensional version of advertising which has to translate all the elegance of a poster or advertisement layout into something that people can walk into and around. Most advertising agencies have departments concerned with it; so do some trade associations in industry and, for the Government, the Central Office of Information. But most of these, for any large-scale exhibition, tend to call in the specialist.

A wide variety of companies in Britain will execute part or all of an exhibition stand, or supply materials for the displays; but most of the major contracts are carried out by about half a dozen of the larger exhibition contractors. Usually these will design the whole stand as well as execute it, though at an exhibition such as Brussels there will be architects for the exhibition buildings, and a main co-ordinating designer (in this case James Gardner, who was responsible for designing the British Government pavilions and exhibits).

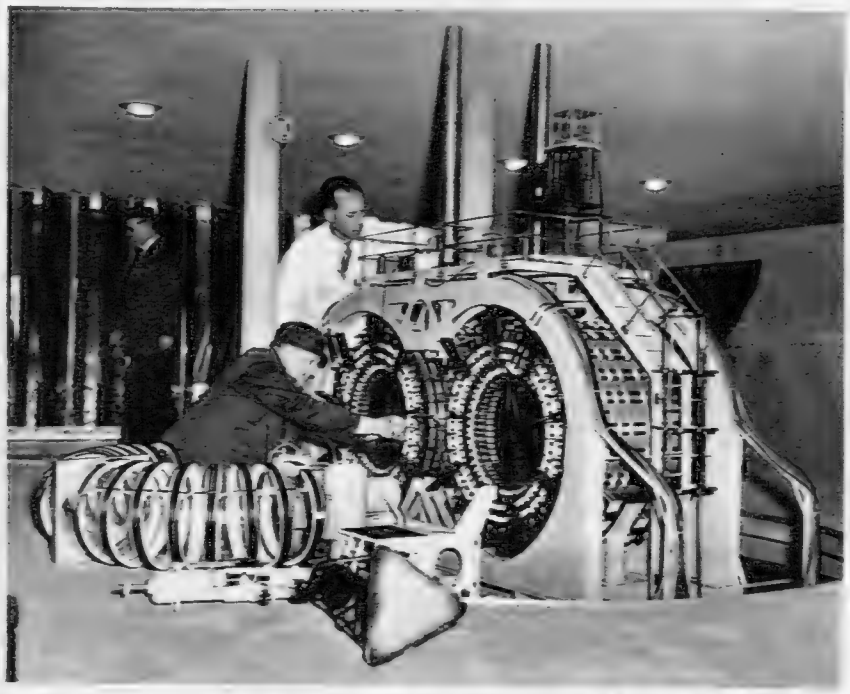
This is a fairly substantial business inside Britain, quite apart from overseas trade fairs. It has been estimated that roughly £15,000,000 a year is spent by British industry on trade fairs and exhibitions, plus say £25,000,000 on window display. Although a considerable amount of this obviously goes on renting space and on materials, there are lucrative pickings for the top designers and exhibition contractors. Renting space at a trade fair in Britain may cost between 5s. and 25s. a square foot, according to popularity (the B.I.F. at Castle Bromwich used to cost 6s. 6d. a foot); on the Continent rents tend to be slightly cheaper. The stand that one puts up may vary immensely in cost. Where it is simply a matter of a small box stand with some specimens and an inquiry desk it may come as low as 7s. 6d. a foot, but the other extreme, with elaborately-designed special buildings, using all the designer's tricks of featherweight construction, false perspective, elaborate lighting, and moving exhibits, may cost up to £6 a square foot. On top of this comes the cost of having staff on hand, and transporting exhibits to the site, which can be expensive for foreign fairs. For the designer, the nature of the fair will partly determine the pattern of the exhibit. At exhibitions such as Brussels, the essentials are to display the prestige of the industries concerned, and to conduct the visitor round in a smooth and logical circulation; at some specialised fairs where customers are the main thing, the provision of comfortable seating and readily accessible data may be the essential, so that the armchair becomes a valuable selling tool.

British industry is less accustomed than Continental to placing its orders at trade fairs, and therefore less hopeful of getting really important business at its own fairs. The tendency in this country in recent years has been away from the big generalised fair such as the British Industries Fair, which was finally abandoned last year, and towards smaller, more specialised exhibitions. The fact that Britain has no really big exhibition is partly a result of this attitude, partly a contributory cause.

British attitudes towards trade fairs at home and abroad, both industrial and Governmental, have been the subject of much bitter debate in recent years. But they have not significantly reduced the amount of exhibition that is done, even if they have spread it over more and smaller fairs. On the Continent of Europe about 700 trade fairs of some importance are held every year, according to an unofficial estimate. In Britain, in spite of the scepticism of some businessmen, there are about 500 each year—offering steady and, in some instances, growing employment for the exhibition contractor.

A FOCAL POINT FOR BRITISH VISITORS TO THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION: The British industrial pavilion has been organised by British Overseas Fairs Ltd., and the exhibits have been designed, installed and paid for by the industries and separate companies taking part. Britain has about 5 acres at the Exhibition, approximately one-third of the site being occupied by the Government-sponsored section. All the British buildings have been constructed by Richard Costain Ltd., in association with a Belgian firm.

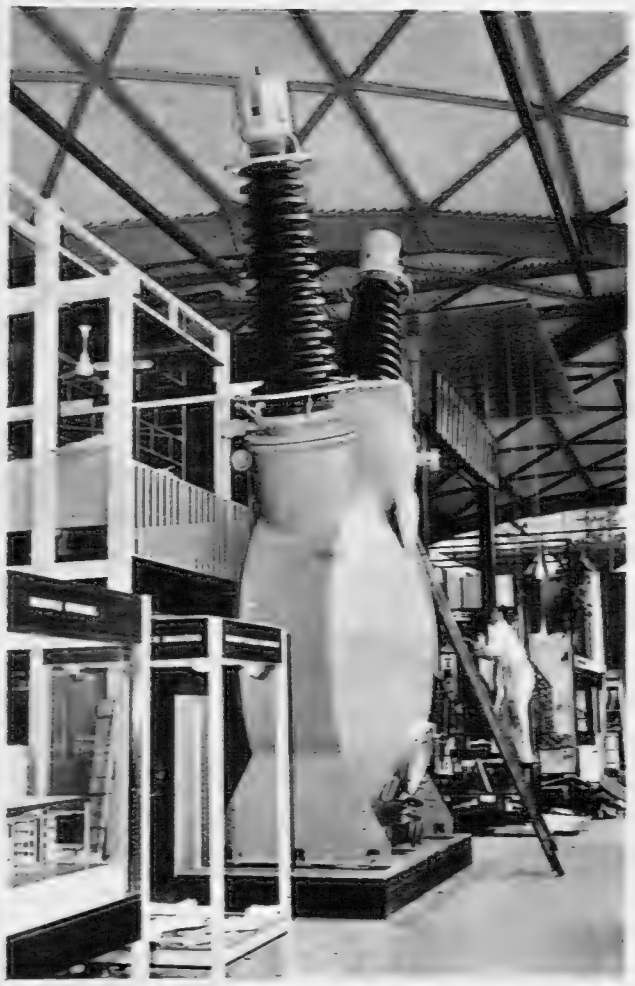
PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*



WOOL TEXTILE INDUSTRY: The display of the National Wool Textile Export Corporation in the British Industry Pavilion at the Brussels Exhibition. The central well comes up from the floor below and contains cylinders covered with wool felt of various kinds and colours. Flags are arranged on the cylinders to show the main countries inside and outside the Commonwealth to which the British wool textile manufacturers export their products. In the cases round the walls are bolts of cloth and display figures draped in various materials. Elsewhere in the Corporation's display, industrial and hand-knitted yarns, felts and wool tops are to be seen.

On right—

SPACE TRAVEL: The model of Sputnik II is in the Soviet Pavilion. Laika, the famous space dog, was carried in the lower cylinder in the original Sputnik. Instruments were in the cylinder and box below the nose. Russian advances in space travel are given a prominent place among the Soviet exhibits. A few days before the Exhibition was opened, Sputnik II was reported to have gone out of orbit and to have disintegrated in the upper atmosphere.



NUCLEAR RESEARCH: In the British Hall of Technology a model of Zeta is being erected. The Zero-Energy Nuclear Assembly is the giant and revolutionary structure at Harwell with which experimental work is being carried out with a view to obtaining power by hydrogen fusion. It is the only one of its kind in the world. The two main components of Zeta, which are seen in the model, are the transformer and the metal tube or torus. The latter is lying on the floor. To complete the model the torus had to be fitted into the centre of the big transformer.

INSIDE THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION

On left—

ELECTRIC POWER: A gigantic high voltage circuit breaker stands in the British Section. Two vast horns project from its head and it is of a type which is employed in sub-stations of the British electric grid system for breaking down power supplied by both conventional and atomic means. The function of the apparatus is the same as that of a domestic electric light switch, but it controls infinitely greater power.

BREWING : A darts board is an essential part of the Britannia Inn, which has been built by Whitbread's Brewery in the British Section. Many of the decorations have a nautical theme, and include naval prints and models. The ground floor contains a large L-shaped bar and the first floor has a room for special parties. Outside there is a paved terrace for open-air drinking with a long bridge-like veranda at first-floor level. Whitbread's do a large export trade with Belgium and have built their own bottling premises in that country.

SHIPBUILDING: A scale model of the new P. & O. liner *Canberra* attracts many visitors to the British Pavilion. By use of the telephones the spectator can hear descriptions of the various parts of the ship in English, French or German. The keel of *Canberra* was laid last September in the yards of Harland and Wolff in Belfast, and she should be delivered to her owners towards the end of 1960. When completed the 45,000-ton liner will be the largest turbo-electric liner built in Great Britain. Her name is symbolic of the part played by the P. & O. Line in the growth of the trade and commerce of Australia.

The World of Books

A NOVELIST'S ADVENTURES

Geoffrey Household's Autobiography; The First P.R.A.; The Development and Growth of London; New Fiction Including Books by Lawrence Durrell and an American Best-seller

MR. GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD, a good though not over-prolific writer, has produced the most entertaining and readable autobiography that I have read for some months. AGAINST THE WIND (Michael Joseph. 21s.) is the story of a far-from-humdrum life but it is not for that reason that the book is so diverting: on the contrary, one feels that Mr. Household could have made quite an adventurous thing out of six years in the dullest of towns. His style is polished but without stiffness and it is the confidential, conversational tone of it which has the effect on the reader of one of the better kind of spells.

As a very young man with a good Oxford degree and only the haziest ideas about the earning of money, the author accepted a job in a Franco-British bank in Bucharest and spent some highly social, fairly hilarious years in Rumania. His next job, improbably enough, was as a banana salesman in France and later in Spain, a country which he grew to love deeply and to understand. What amounted to a natural talent for friendship ensured that in any post and in the most unlikely of settings, he would find boon companions and, equally important to him, some new quality of tradition or nationality to appreciate. When this job came to an end Mr. Household, with some difficulty—for it was in the depths of the depression—got work as a representative for a printing-ink firm and travelled for them in Europe, South America and the Levant. In the last war he became an officer in Field Security and retraced his steps over much familiar terrain in an unaccustomed manifestation. Add to all this that he had started to write and that one of his romances, *Rogue Male*, is incontestably first-rate, and you have the picture of quite a career and quite a man living it.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (Bles. 35s.) is an important study, described by the author, Mr. Derek Hudson, as a personal one, of the first President of the Royal Academy. Some people, among them the better-informed, think of him as the artist whose enthusiasm for Italian painting caused a polite revolution in the circles of the more wooden English portrait painters. Others think of him as the man who painted those five little angels' heads, so ingeniously reproduced on the silver hairbrushes of forty years ago. In fact, Reynolds was an immensely successful man, the butt of the envious, such as "the arch-intriguer," William Chambers; an initiator and a man of fashion and the dear friend of such figures as Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. The unusual value of this book seems to be that it is a serious re-assessment of an artist currently overlooked.

The city to which Reynolds came from his native Devonshire, Goldsmith from his village and Johnson from his Lichfield is the subject of Miss R. J. Mitchell's and Miss M. D. R. Leys' new HISTORY OF LONDON LIFE (Longmans. 25s.), which begins in pre-Roman times when, we are informed, mammoths were being hunted in what is now known as Piccadilly, and closes with the formation of the London County Council. In many ways this is an admirable compilation because the writers have concentrated not on the political history but on the social structure as it changed, developed and sometimes appeared to deteriorate during the past hundreds of years. The reader may occasionally detect a note of sheerly feminine censure but for the most part the tone is detached and objective, and the final impression one of sound and impartial recording.

An imposing list of novels begins with Mr. Lawrence Durrell's BALTHAZAR (Faber. 15s.), designed as the second volume in a four-decker novel throughout which the same characters will be observed from many points of view. The central topic of the book, the author tells us, is an investigation of modern love. The figures are purely fictional; the setting, Alexandria, described with a brilliant insight which heightens the reality. Mr. Durrell is primarily an intellectual writer, and his work, which deserves the most attentive reading, is meant for those who relish and are stimulated by the intellectual approach to some of the fundamental human problems. Thus, Justine and Pursewarden, Narouz and the rest are seen a little more clearly or at least a little more in depth than in the first novel because we now have two sets of impressions of them. Difficult, fascinating and not without its oddities.

In Miss Naomi Royde Smith's novel, HOW WHITE IS MY SEPULCHRE (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.), the reader will breathe a less rarefied air and possibly feel that less mental exertion is demanded of him. This story of love among the archæologists is set mainly in a college of ancient foundation in the south of England and is concerned with the wartime bombing of the fabric, as a result of which a pre-Reformation crypt with lovely frescoes is discovered. Distinguished men set about its restoration and in the meantime there are two conflicting impulses of one woman's pettiness and one woman's generosity to carry the plot along. Urbane and well told.

Sweetness and light, at least when linked as a descriptive phrase, are apt to carry a slightly saccharine implication so I will not use them about Mrs. Kathleen Foyle's new novel which, nevertheless, and to be scrupulously fair, has nothing bitter or dark about it. TURN THE HOUR (Peter Davies. 13s. 6d.) is, in fact, unashamedly a Cinderella story and none the worse for having a happy ending. Mrs. Foyle has her usual deft touch with character drawing and no one but the young, rich American hero is anything but credible.

ARRIVING FOR THE PREMIERE OF THE FILM OF "SOUTH PACIFIC": From left to right, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein II, Mrs. Hammerstein, Mr. George Skouras, President of the Magna Theatre Corporation, Mrs. Joshua Logan and Mr. Logan are at London Airport. They had arrived from New York for the British première at the Dominion Theatre in London of the film version of the successful musical, *South Pacific*. Mr. Hammerstein wrote the lyrics for the play, collaborating with Richard Rodgers, who composed the music. Mr. Logan has directed the cinema version which was filmed in the Todd-AO system. This uses a single wide-angle lensed camera to produce a similar effect to other wide-screen systems, which need three cameras.

ONE-A-PECKER, TWO-A-PECKER (Heinemann. 15s.), by the Australian novelist, Ruth Park, is a lush, vital, rip-roaring tale of the early gold mining days in New Zealand where the men and their camp followers went in hordes as the gold dwindled in the fields of Victoria. As a matter of fact this is less a book about the mining itself and its unpredictable turns of fortune than the motley crews of women, wives, entertainers, laundresses, gamblers, doctors, clergymen, clowns and full-time parasites who travelled close behind the miners. Life could be brutal and sordid in the Antipodes of nearly a hundred years ago; but this novel, in spite of its uncompromising realism, has more than a touch of poetry in it and a breathlessly fast pace.

Heralded by all kinds of fanfares, including a surprising radio one, an American best-selling novel by Mr. James Gould Cozzens appears and waits, as even the most publicised book must, for the reading public to form its own opinion. BY LOVE POSSESSED (Longmans. 18s.) is some 570 pages long, a fact which nowadays counts in its favour. Its setting is a small town in New England its central figure, round whom the many others revolve in miniature on the scale of personages in a primitive Nativity, is a lawyer, a gentleman, and a considerable prig. This last, I may add, is my own opinion and by no means the author's. The argument is that this man, brought up to a high standard of moral rectitude, has a grave ethical problem to resolve and learns for the first time to compromise. The action takes place (with many flashbacks) during two days of his life and there can be no doubt about the technical excellence of the novel's construction in managing so many involutions and references. There can also be no doubt that some of the physical details discussed are unnecessarily revolting.

THE DISTANT MUSIC (Gollancz. 15s.) is another novel of American life, at the other side of the continent and at an equally far remove in plot and style. Mr. H. L. Davis has written about early pioneering days, a century ago, on the Columbia River when the West was being opened up and when existence was as hazardous as it was rough. This story has none of the romanticism of Bret Harte but much of his vigour and a wonderfully wide assortment of eccentrics, Red Indians, drunks, settlers, murderers and other rugged individualists. It is impressive, even rather overwhelming.

THREEPENNY NOVEL (Bernard Hanison. 21s.) is the only long piece of fiction by Bertholt Brecht to be published before his death and although it is not a literal "book version" of his *Threepenny Opera* but a story in its own right, there are strong and constant similarities. The story of Polly Peachum and MacHeath which Brecht had transposed to the beginning of this century is re-told here with considerable art and wit, and the translation by Mr. Desmond Vesey from the original German is both accurate and imaginatively in keeping with the author's style. Mr. Christopher Isherwood has rendered the verses into English with his customary elegance.

Mr. Thomas Armstrong has gone far afield from his English merchants and ambitious city burghers in his new novel, A RING HAS NO END (Cassell. 16s.), which is a tale of Russia before and during the Revolution and, in particular, a tale of a rich and princely family with hundreds of years of brutal domination behind them and only the horrors of retribution ahead. Mr. Armstrong has written with considerable verve, not to say gusto, of the final blood-drenched days of the aristocracy and though nothing can equal, either for horror or pathos, the factual memoirs of those times, his novel is a spirited footnote to history.

In the department of crime fiction there is one unusual and one more conventional but effective book to be brought to your attention. THE CHINESE BELL MURDERS (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.), by Mr. Robert van Gulik, have been suggested to him by three ancient Chinese plots and are ingenious if rather slow-moving. On the other hand, SOME WOMEN WON'T WAIT (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), by Mr. A. A. Fair, is in the most modern of Californian idiom. Mr. Fair's other name is Erle Stanley Gardner and in this *genre* he is very good indeed.

Vernon Fane.

THE REAL NAPOLEON

Bonaparte Through Contemporary Eyes

Jean Savant, Chancellor of the French Academy of History, is the author of over twenty books about Napoleon, his Marshals and the French Revolution. He knows better than any man the extraordinary changes wrought upon Bonaparte in the years between the first Italian campaign, when he enlarged the frontiers of the Revolution, to the day when he took passage in the *Bellerephon* and entered into final exile. In NAPOLEON IN HIS TIME (Putnam. 30s.) M. Savant spans these years with a symposium which shows Napoleon as he was seen by more than a hundred contemporaries. Not all were bewitched, devoted and respectful. Some were as downright abusive as others were adulatory. We start with Ajaccio and the nine-year-old non-French-speaking Corsican shipped off to Brienne to the Royal Military School, where one of his closest observers was the shrewd Bourrienne, who saw that Bonaparte had a large "chip" on his shoulder. The years of courtship and early marriage are particularly revealing, for sometimes we see our hero show the courtliest of fronts, at others a grossness of style and a sneering dominance of manner. There is high comedy, too, and the "Scented virgin of Madrid," a delicious vignette, shows the conqueror hopelessly and utterly vanquished in a most unexpected way. Altogether this is a fascinating volume which presents the conflicting elements in one of the most complex characters of history. M. Savant himself thinks that in the final analysis it must be said that Napoleon had "a hard heart and a small soul," otherwise he might have been a hero in adversity, and that would have been the acid test of character.

And now an assessment of another warrior, not of quite the same calibre, but a dominant and controversial fellow, and a key figure in the rising of the '45—Lord George Murray. The author of this biography, THE JACOBITE GENERAL (William Blackwood. 25s.), is Katherine Tomasson, who has done much research in the Charter Room at Blair Castle. She frankly admits that she set out to write about the Jacobite Duke of Atholl, but ended up with his brother, Lord George, whose notes on the '45 and personal letters she had the good fortune to bring to light. These letters, not included in the Chronicles of the Atholl and Tullibardine families, show Lord George as a much more steadfast character than history has hitherto allowed. As a General, Murray seldom, if ever, put a foot wrong, and the victory at Prestonpans owed almost everything to his able generalship. Miss Tomasson has completed an important piece of research, and she has done her work with obvious flair.

Colonel Maurice Buckmaster, wartime head of Special Operations Executive (French Section), is the man best qualified to write about the work of the British secret agents who served in occupied France during the Second World War. In THEY FOUGHT ALONE (Odhams. 18s.), he tells this story in remarkable detail, from those early dark days of 1941 when, armed only with Winston Churchill's momentous and succinct brief, "Set Europe Ablaze," he began to build the Resistance Organisation, to the last period when the German morale was completely undermined. Odette and Peter Churchill, Nancy Wake and Violette Szabo are among the well-known figures who kept the resistance blaze alight, but it is not the individual contributions this book highlights, it is the grand pattern of resistance emerging from all these individual, but well co-ordinated sorties.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

I am glad indeed that the Duchess of Atholl, who is eighty-four, has seen the publication of a book on which she has worked for many years. It is by no means her first book, but perhaps no other is so packed with facts. (But I don't think there have been two Swinton peerages in our time.) In WORKING PARTNERSHIP (Arthur Barker. 21s.) the Duchess has written a biography-autobiography with a particularly apt title. In "Lime-House" days, when Lloyd George was wildly trouncing the dukes, it is amusing to reflect that if he had previously consulted an alphabetical list, among the first names would have stood the Atholls and the Bedfords. "Bardie," the 8th Duke of Atholl, married Katharine (Kitty), daughter of Sir James Ramsay. Herbrand, 11th Duke of Bedford, married Mary Tribe. These ducal pairs are worthy of comparison in the continuity and immensity of their public service. The two dukes shared an enthusiasm for military service. They were less intellectual than their wives, who were outstandingly intelligent and versatile in different directions. The two "working partnerships" achieved much in many fields. For the Duchess of Atholl "shorter hours and holidays with pay" were never in the picture.

She and the Duke, in character very different, co-operated in many causes affecting the Highlands and the soldiers and went their different ways in politics and other matters. His main interests lay in soldiering, in Scotland and its welfare, in forestry, in the Scots War Memorial. Hers in politics and social questions. She was a talented musician who sacrificed her art for public and political service. She was the first Scottish woman M.P. (persuaded into Parliament by Lloyd George himself), became Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education under Baldwin, and thereafter, as member of a score of commissions, made many visits in the Empire and Europe in search of facts. A biography, still less an autobiography, is seldom a complete picture. Much of human interest inevitably is left out. But *Working Partnership* is as lively and close-packed a canvas as Frith's *Derby Day* (the very opposite of a public holiday) and a fine proof of how great talents can be best employed in laborious days of public service. **John Gore.**

A NOTA[BLE] EAST INDIAMAN: *Sir David Scott* in the Straits of [Sunda] in 1830. The aquatint by E. Duncan after W. [Huggins] is reproduced as one of the twelve full[-page] illustrations in colour in *Sailing Ships* (Ariel Pre[ss] 63s.). The introduction is by Oliver Warner. The *Sir David Scott* was built in 1821. Another of the fine pictures is an [aq]uatint of *Taeping* and *Ariel* competing in the tea race of 186[6] "the greatest ocean race in history." The whole volume is ab[ou]nt proof of Mr. Warner's contention that the fully-rigg[ed] ship was "one of the loveliest creations of man's hand."

Mr. L. T. C. Rolt, the widely-praised biographer of Brunel, has now written the life of THOMAS TELFORD (Longmans. 25s.), the shepherd's son from the Scottish border hills who became perhaps the greatest bridge-builder and roadmaker the world has ever known. Telford's roads and canals were the arteries of Britain's growing manufacturing towns at the dawn of the industrial age. Mr. Rolt has done a great deal of original research for this book, which coincides with the bicentenary of the celebrated engineer's birth.

When Maggie Teyte was touring America during the First World War she was given a dressing-room in a theatre with a star painted on the door. When she entered the room, however, she found the following couplet inscribed in lipstick on the mirror:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Who the hell do you think you are?

What a pity, says Maggie, that more mirrors are not scribbled on these days. In STAR ON THE DOOR (Putnam. 18s.) this vigorous trouper tells of her triumphs and setbacks in the theatre with virility and charming modesty.

Mike Hawthorn's CHALLENGE ME THE RACE (Kimber. 21s.) is a biography in mid-passage of one of the world's most skilful racing drivers. He writes vividly of his experiences at the wheel. At moments one almost feels one is sitting beside him as he laps his fellow competitors and does battle with some of his contemporaries in this most thrilling of modern pastimes.

R. C. E.

THE EMPEROR SURROUNDED BY HIS COURT: Alastair Sim, as the wily, elderly Roman Emperor, graciously accepts the ministrations of his attendants in this scene from William Golding's comedy, *The Brass Butterfly*, which opened last week at the Strand Theatre in London. This is Mr. Golding's first play and is a dramatisation of one of his own short stories which was called *Envoy Extraordinary*. He is best known for his novel, *Lord of the Flies*, which has been broadcast as a play by the B.B.C. *The Brass Butterfly* was commissioned by Alastair Sim, who is taking the main role and is also producing. He plays an elderly but sagacious Roman Emperor, living on an imaginary island. An eccentric Greek inventor, played by George Cole, arrives at the Imperial Court with several inventions likely to revolutionise the ancient world—among them gunpowder. These inventions have unexpected consequences and the comedy arises from the Emperor's reception of them and their final disposal. Besides Alastair Sim and George Cole, other members of the cast are Eileen Moore, who plays the inventor's sister, Euphrosyne; Jeremy Spenser as Mamillius, the Emperor's illegitimate grandson who falls in love with her, and George Selway as the Emperor's heir-designate, a blustering general. Settings have been designed by Edward Seago, the first work this artist has done for the theatre.

PORTRAIT OF AN ELDER STATESMAN: The Roman Emperor sits enthroned, refusing to be convinced by Phanocles, the Greek inventor (George Cole). Euphrosyne (Eileen Moore) is at far left, and Mamillius (Jeremy Spenser) second from right.

COMEDY IN ANCIENT ROME

THE CONVIVIAL HOST: The Imperial ruler pushes his grandson Mamillius out of his way as he offers the Greek inventor a goblet in a scene from William Golding's new comedy.

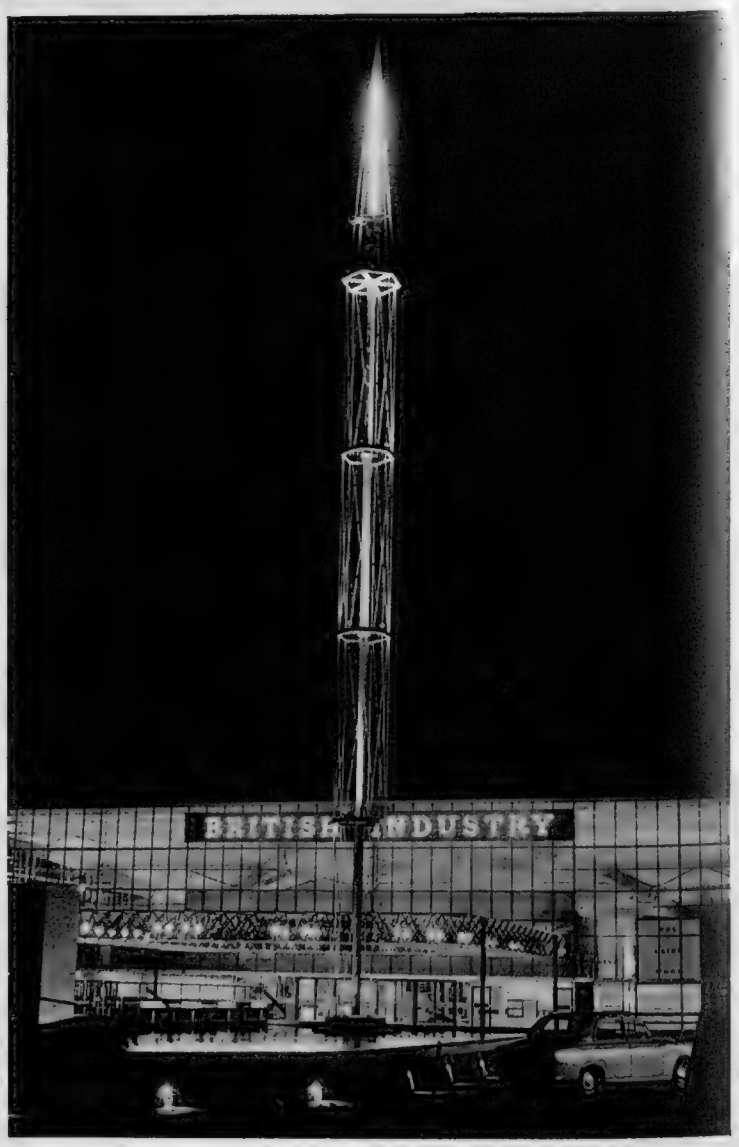
WITH FRIENDLY CONCERN: Sitting on a couch, the Emperor questions Euphrosyne, who is a Christian and with whom young Mamillius has fallen in love.

AN ILLUMINATED SPIRAL: It stands out sharply against the night sky As dusk falls, the illuminations go up one by one over the larg site until the whole area is vividly aglow with twinkling lights

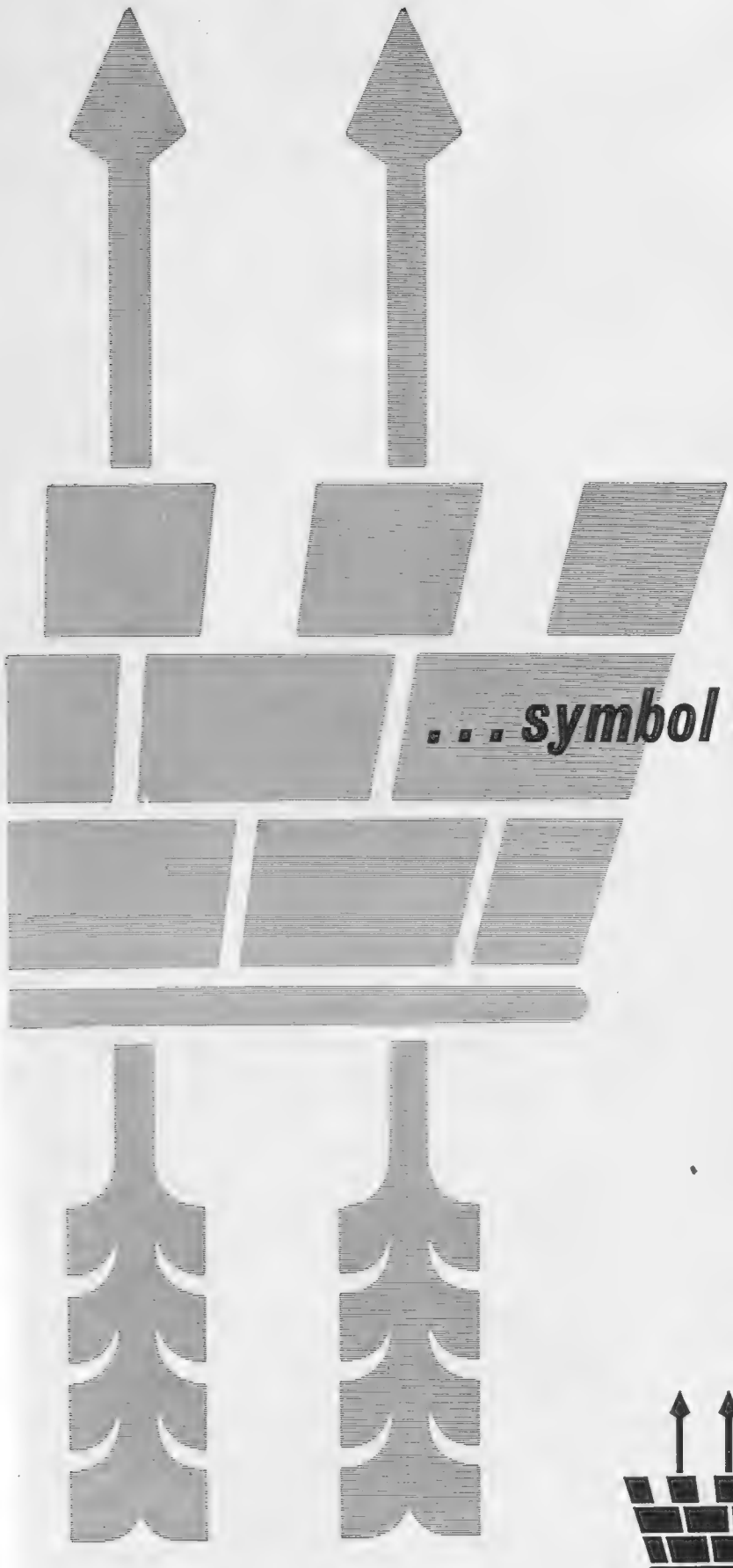
BRUSSELS BY NIGHT

As Dusk Falls, the Site of the Brussels Exhibition is Transformed into a Fairyland

STRANGER THAN FICTION: The glistening spheres of the Atomium are lit up by revolving points of light. Standing round the base of the structure is part of the crowd which remained at the exhibition at the end of the first day to watch a display of fireworks, some of which can be seen in the background falling in the form of chandeliers. A few hours earlier, King Baudouin of the Belgians had declared the exhibition open. He touched off a symbolic flame that leaped high into the air and sent jets of water soaring far overhead from a pool. About fifty aircraft streaked across the sky, after which thousands of coloured balloons were released from various parts of the ground.



FLOODLIGHTING AT BRUSSELS : A row of closely-cut and brightly-lit trees lining one of the roads affords the visitor a scene of enchantment. *On right*—The gleaming British Pavilion is brilliantly illuminated against the sky. The main roadway through the grounds is lit by huge stars.



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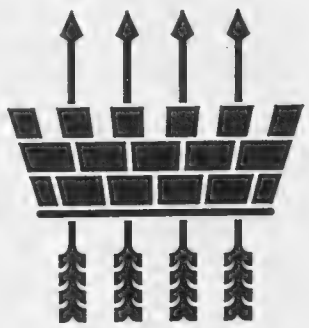

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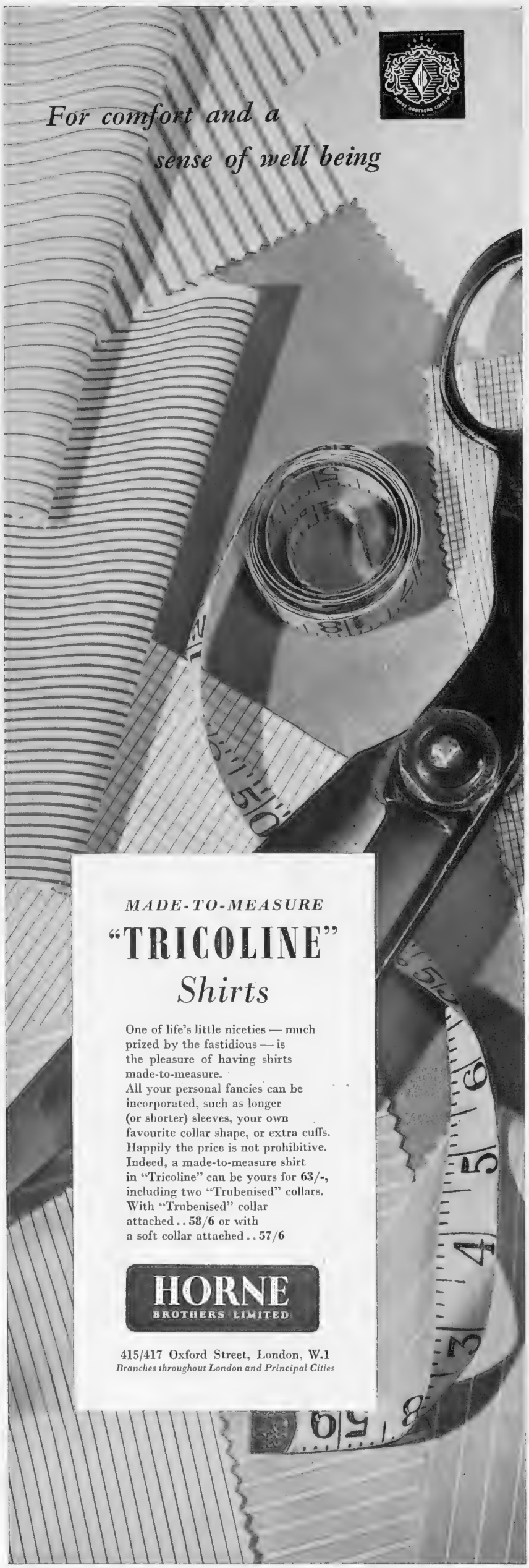

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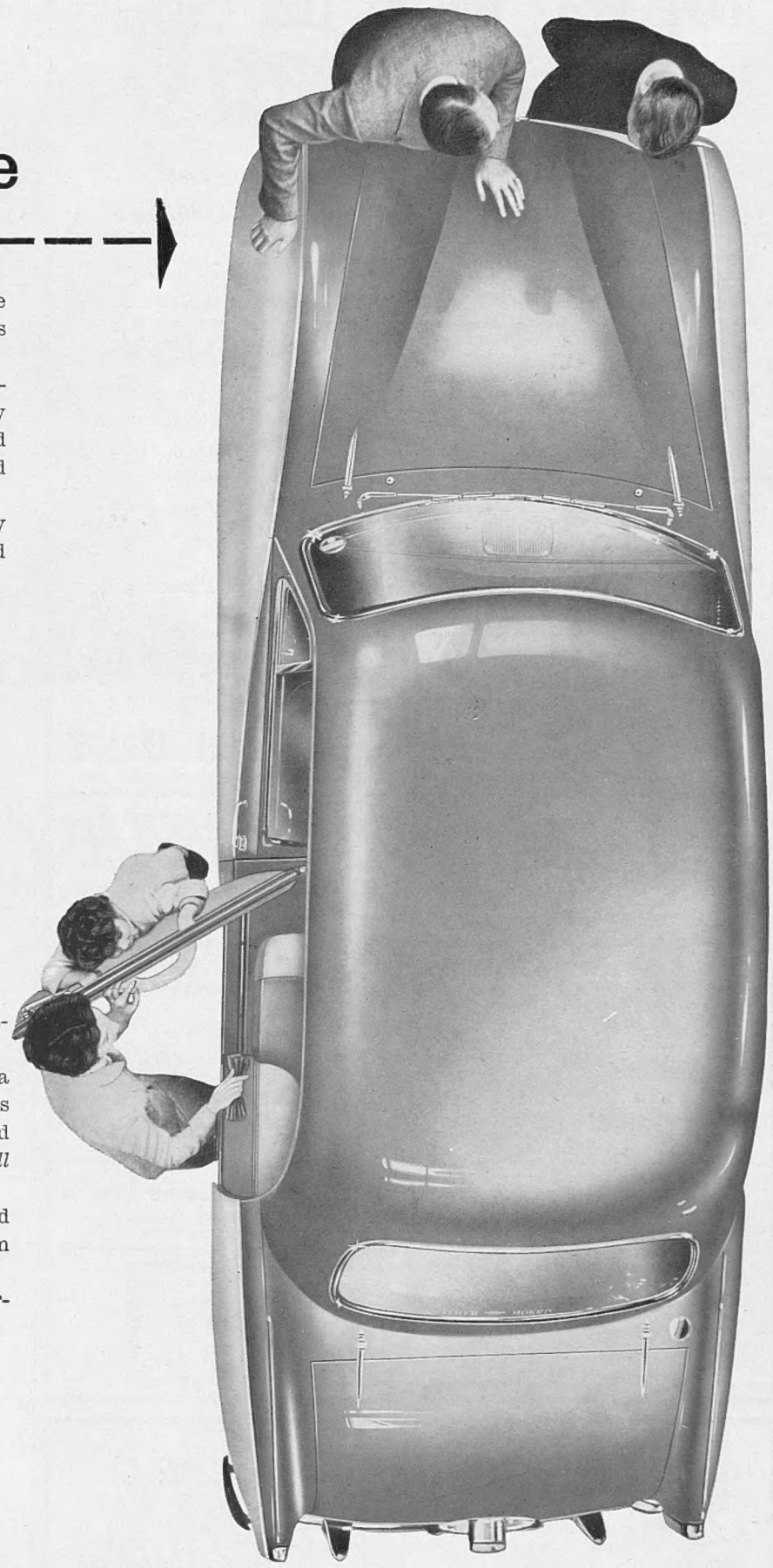

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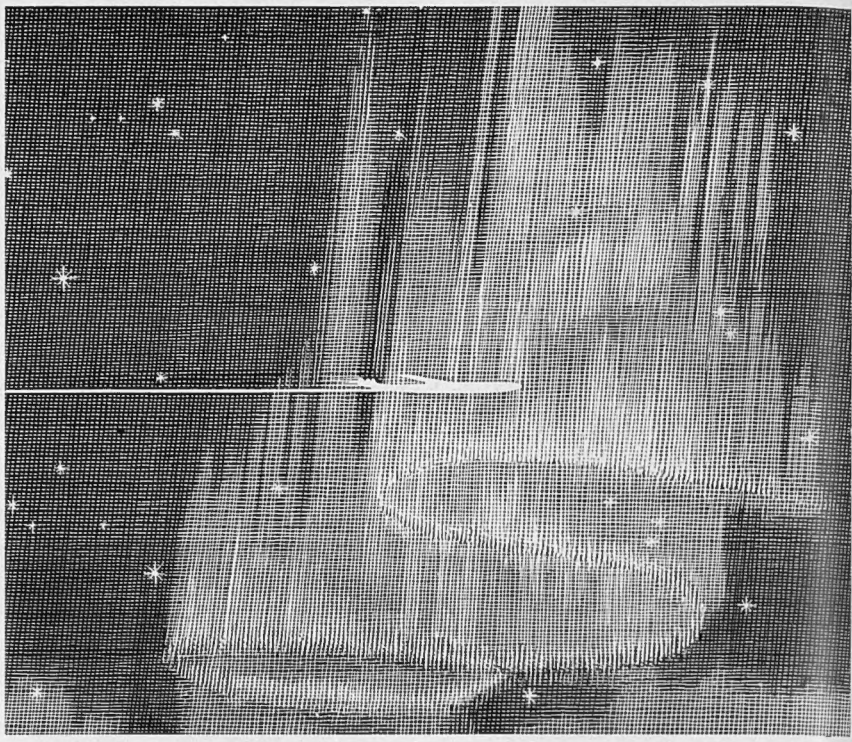

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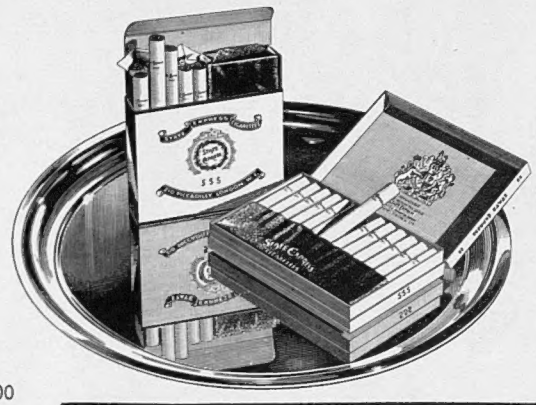

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ORB 3

I want to know what it feels like to be a successful man.

Dad gave me the idea, indirectly, of course. He is a typhoon, or something, and he always gives a new director a case of **Whyte & Mackays** Special Scotch Whisky

I believe that is what people become directors for.

And each time Dad says: "Noble whisky, that, **Whyte & Mackays** . . . I've tasted them all, and there's none to touch it!"

Ah well, I suppose I had better leave **Whyte & Mackays** to Dad for the time being. After all, he says that really to enjoy this extraordinarily magnificent whisky, you must be a man of taste, culture, experience, refinement, and iron will.

Whyte & Mackays
is still not easy to get, being the Scots' very own whisky.

ME . . . WITH THIS BOTTLE? WHY, NOTHING, DAD! JUST POURING YOU A
Whyte & Mackays

Now . . . for men who admire good cloth . . .

Colour comes quietly into its own

At last it's happened. Men are now becoming colour conscious. And the people who've performed this minor miracle are the weavers north of the border who make Scottish Woollens.

A few months ago the words 'Scottish Woollens' conjured up the heavy clothes worn on the grouse moors. But now, men about town know better. For the Scottish weavers are making lightweight and medium cloths that appeal to the man in the city. And the most important point about Scottish Woollens is that they use colour in a different way . . . blending subtle shades and quiet tones into designs that give a definite masculine character to the cloth.

The result is a discreet revolution in men's clothes —a revolution greatly welcomed by their wives. And the most significant thing about it is that this is a trend which has started at the top. Men who have reached the peak of their professions are the most enthusiastic wearers of Scottish Woollens. Yet it is not a matter of fashion, for such men are immune to the fads of fashion. It is simply that an opportunity arose. And the men who know how to seize opportunities have found in Scottish Woollens something too good to miss.

If you would like to know more about these high-quality, all-wool cloths . . . these Saxonies and Cheviots, Worsteds and Twist-Worsteds that make such good use of subdued colour . . . *write to the address below for a copy of the new illustrated booklet . . . and look for the symbol in your tailor's shop.*

Scottish Woollens

—SYMBOL OF THE NEW AGE OF ELEGANCE

SCOTTISH WOOLLEN PUBLICITY COUNCIL,
27 CHARLOTTE SQUARE, EDINBURGH, 2,
or DORLAND HOUSE, 18/20 REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1